

# VISIONS OF PURGATORY



*Tanta molis erat Romanam condere gentem;  
Suis et ipsa Roma viribus ruit.*





THE  
VISIONS  
OF  
Purgatory,  
ANNO 1680.

IN WHICH  
The ERRORS and PRACTICES  
of the *Church* and *Court* of *ROME*  
are DISCOVER'D:

With the *Influences* they have upon  
*This* and other *Nations*.

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By *Edward Pettit*, M. A. Authour of  
the *Visions of Government*, &c.

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*Quicquid agunt Homines, Votum, Timor, Ira, Voluptas,  
Gaudia, Discursus, nostri est Farrago Libelli.*

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The Second Edition *Corrected*.

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L O N D O N,  
Printed by *M. Fleisher* for *Charles Brome* at the  
*Gun* in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*. 1685.

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THE HISTORY OF

THE UNITED STATES

OF AMERICA

FROM 1776 TO 1876

BY

JOHN B. HARRIS

NEW YORK

1876

Courteous Reader,

**T** Hese Papers were first Published in the Dark-days ( not of Popery, but of the Noise of it ) when we could see nothing, and hear nothing but of Dreadfull Depositions, Fearfull Relations, True-Protestant-Apparitions, Solemn Processions, and several other Direfull Stories, so Terrifying and Amazing to the whole Nation, that all true well-meaning and loyal people, for very fear and sorrow, were like them that Dream: To chear them up therefore, and for a fuller Discovery of those dark and fearfull Intrigues, I ventured to step into Purgatory, and ferret all our Enemies out of the Darkest recesses and Deepest holes of those Dusky Regions, whose Black Designs are now so brought to light by him, who turned again our Captivity, that we have reason that our Mouthes should be filled with Laughter, and our Tongues with Joy.

## To the READER.

*I hope no honest Man, that rejoyces for our late Deliverance, will now blame me for discovering so many True Protestants in that Popish State and Condition, since for out-doing the Jesuits in the same Principles and Practices, they have so Orderly succeeded them at Tyburn, that the Common Purgatory of both seems to begin in those flames that Attend their Execution.*

*There are some Indeed that blame me for the Severity of my Writings, that would clap a Cloven Foot to the latter end of my Person, and make a Satyr of me; but I hope, that in my Preface to the Visions of thorough Reformation, I make it appear I have done as becomes a true Subject, and within the bounds of a good Christian; and I say once again, that I could never meet with a Pen that could wound them too deep for whom no Sword can be too sharp; and in the word of God I never found one single Complement for a Generation of Vipers, and that we know is a two-edged one.*

*There*

## To the READER.

*There are others that think these Writings too light, and not becoming the gravity of my Profession; I could say a great many things upon this subject; but 'tis plain that I make not sport with holy things, but with those that abuse them: and could a serious Argument make the least Impression upon them, I would never use any other: I was then a great deal younger, and now I am a great deal heavier, and I hope some will Acknowledge, that in my later Writings, I have added a suitable gravity to the nature of every subject I have treated upon: and I presume that no ingenuous person will be angry with me for that I have endeavoured at the same time both to please and to convince.*

*But of all the dismal Stories I ever heard or read, since that of the three Children in the Wood, nothing startled me like a Postscript of Mr. Baxter's, to a late Nonsensical Pamphlet of his; he condemns the Visions of Government for the Diabolism of that Book. 'Twas well his Mouth is a pretty wide*

## TO the READER.

*wide one, or such a thumper had split it up to his Ears ; surely the Saint Militant thought it a sanctified Mortar piece, and that this was one of his greatest Bombes to batter down the strong holds of Satan in the Kingdom of Darkness : Well ( Courteous Reader ) tell Richard that if he has a mind to shoot at me again, that I will not cowardly sculk in Dreams, nor shelter my self in Subterranean Lobbies ; I do promise him faithfully, that I will deal plainly, openly and seriously with him and some more of his Brethren ; for, I design, God willing, as soon as I am settled in the World, to Write the Lives of one single half-dozen of the Chief Apostles of the Faction ; and to set them out, they shall all have their Pictures into the bargain ; I will consider them in their Natural Complexions, and Constitutions, in the Methods and Ways of their Education ; I will examine them in their several Writings, and intermix the various Transactions of their Lives, which have made them so famous in their Generation ; and in the Conclusion I may chance to stick them up for Scarecrows to future Ages, by shewing what Shamefull Impostours*



## To the READER.

*Impostours they are that support the Schisms and Rebellions of this.*

*And now, Courteous Reader, now others have done finding of Faults, it is manners for me to begin—I do say then, That there are many things in these Visions that are weak and flashy, that the style is too rugged in some places, not natural in others, that the designs are not well laid; but I shall make bold to pardon my self, because it was the first time, and that I am conscious to my self, that they were designed with True Loyalty and Integrity; I have resolved to let them pass without any Alterations in this Impression, that the Reader may see the Reasons why some people, at that Time, Commended the first part of the Book, which exposed the Jesuits, and had the less of Fancy; but condemned the latter which laid open the Schismaticks, but had more of Truth: The Design of the whole was to shew, That they all Agree in their Principles and Practices; and if I did not fully and exactly hit upon all the Designs of the Faction, I desire you would consider, that I went no farther than*  
Purgatory

## TO the READER.

*Purgatory for the Pollicies of the Jesu-  
its; and although I meet several of our  
True-Protestant-Enthusiasts, upon occasi-  
on, among them, yet I must have gone  
to the Nethermost Hell for the Bottom-  
less Villanies of the Fanaticks.*

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THE  
VISION  
OF  
Purgatory.

Anno 1680.



THE great Solemnities of *Easter* in the year 1680. had drawn an infinite number of People from all *Italy*, and the World, to *Rome*, to attend the Magnificencies of that time and place: some went to procure Pardons, and Indulgencies for themselves; others to redeem their Friends and Acquaintance from *Purgatory*. Some went to Earn, others to Buy Heaven, all of them to barter a little of this World for a great  
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deal of the other ; so that the Bills of *Immortality* were mightily increased in most mens opinions, by the vast concourse of so many Devotes ; that is, *Religion* was the great Business of the place ; but for my part , Seeing was Believing to me, who went onely to satisfie my Curiosity : At my first entrance, I thought the whole City had been in an Uproar at Salt-Eel ; untill upon farther observation, I found them more in earnest, going in such solemn Processions, and doing such severe Penances, that the Streets were slippery with so much Bloud as might seem sufficient to atone for all the *Gnells* and *Gibellines* had shed in so many ages ; and did well enough become the grandeur of the Spiritual Jurisdiction : but among all the ceremonies worthy my oblation, none occasioned me so much wonder, as the *Bull of Excommunication*, which from the *Vatican* on *Munday-Thursday*, was pronounced against all Schismaticks, and Hereticks, Jews and Turks, Pagans, &c. that is, against all that dissent from the Romish Principles ; the form of it

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*The Vision of Purgatory.* 3

was so dreadfull, and the manner of it so Pompous, that in humble imitation of the last Trump, it seem'd to concern all Mankind. For my part, the croud and throng of people about me, with the astonishment and sudden thoughts, this last Entertainment had rais'd in me, wearied both my Body and Soul, so that for Ease and fresh Air, I retired to the ruines of old *Rome*.

I sat down by the *Skeleton* of *Amphitheatre*, on the Banks of *Tyber*, and began to digest those thoughts, which the circumstances of the day, and the solitariness of the place afforded me; but being thoroughly weary with continual travel, and so suddenly at ease, the *Fresco* from the River adding an exceeding pleasure to my repose, I began to let go my Senses, and unexpectedly fell asleep.

But the deep and melancholick impressions the late transactions had fix'd in my Imagination, suffer'd it to be so little at rest, that I dreamt my self into the agonies of death: my Soul, upon its separation from the Body, flew unconceivably swifter than an Arrow

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from a Bow, and I became in an instant volatile, as the Sun-beams I flew methought in Air invisible, as a Butterfly in the Moon, untill by wondrous Intelligence, and an unexpressible power, I was acquainted that I was on my way to *Purgatory*; and that I had left the Patrimony of St. *Peter* above, for that beneath.

Although the dismal apprehensions of death (which cause the greatest commotions in the Animal Spirits) had so disordered mine, that it was unusual that I did not instantly awake; yet my natural curiosity (which had carried me o'er a mighty part of the World to despise danger and Ruine) did so well temper my amazement, that I was constrained to continue my Dream, which conveyed me to a place of all others, the least known to us living: and since the lofty industry of Man hath of late ages unfolded so great a part of the Map, and brought so great a Blessing to the earth, as the true discovery of its superficial Globe; I thought a voyage to those Wonders, which we supposed to lie in the Diameter of such a Mass  
of



*The Vision of Purgatory.* 5

of matter worth my undertaking; knowing that all the Relations in Legends, Trentals, Dirges, Masses, and in all the Philosophical Cabbala of the *Roman Church*, are as far distant from Reality, as the Reports of the Jesuits Miracles in the *Indies*, are from matter of Fact: 'Tis true, this last Order of Men, have an excellent way of advancing the most Romantick *Bantrum* in the World, to an eminent degree of *Probability*; and can grow as rich by a Fiction, as ever the Poets were poor: They may without Blasphemy cry out, *O quantum hæ Fabulæ de Purgatorio nobis divitiarum tulere!* for these Spiritual *Virtuosi* have of late so cultivated, and improved those Regions, that they are the richest in the Universe. And although (according as they please, and other men believe) they lie deeper than the profoundest Seas (the common Grave of Mankind) or lower than all Mines, yet they yield more Treasure to the Apostolical Exchequer, than those of *Potosi*. Now you cannot but wonder what means should procure so great a veneration for a place

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which is nothing near so old as *St. Pauls*, no, not so old as *Ludgate* or *Newgate* either; for although *Pope Gregory* the Great was the Authour of the Invocation for the dead; and *Eugenius* the I. ordered Missals, yet it was not credited, as an Article of Faith, untill the Council of *Florence*, in the year 1439. (*Eugenius* the 4th, then Pope) I am sure it is not much longer ago since the more than probable opinion of the *Antipodes*, was confuted by an infallible *Anathema*. But to shew you by what means this place is of more consequence than the whole *Roman* Empire; do so much, good Reader, as go along with me into a by-place, and see that no body is coming, and I will acquaint you instantly.

It is no mean observation, that the Church of *Rome* retain some Opinions and Ceremonies, that have almost a Parallel correspondence with the old Pagan Institutions of that place, and seem onely to cover the Woolf with Sheeps cloathing: and as among the *Jews* there were many who were termed *Judai-zing Christians* from that Veneration they

they bore to the Ceremonial Law, so among the Gentiles too the new Converts could scarce forget the respect they had for the Heathen Theology, especially where it came nearest Christianity, in determining the certainty of Rewards and Punishments after this life; Now the depth of all their Mysteries lay in the great esteem they had for the memories of famous and beneficial Men that were departed; which their funeral Obsequies, Invocations, &c. abundantly testified before their Conversion, and the great care they took to preserve the Relicks, and Ashes of Saints after: so that that opinion which at first was retained in private by some, (and with good restrictions) was afterwards enlarged, credited, and professed by some Fathers, and later Councils (whose Writings in such cases are as Apocryphal to the Doctrine of the new Testament, as the History of the *Maccabees* to the old) That this is very probable may be shewn from a late instance in the Conversion of the *Japanese*, who were so solicitous about the State of their deceased Heroes, that

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they along time refused the terms of Salvation, although after their Baptism they gave as great testimonies of their Faith and Constancy, as some early Christians. Well then, after all, let it be granted that your Authours are able to prove it from the light of Nature, or the Pens of Heathens; that some Fathers have mentioned it, as *St. Austin*, and *St. Bernard*; and that the errour of *Origen* added to it too: we grant, that to the words in the *Maccabees*, you give some seeming hints of it in the New Testament; That our Saviour never opposed it among the *Jews*: and that 'tis not half so difficult to prove, as the lawfulness of Murthering Princes, and turning their Kingdoms into Common-wealths: yet after all, the great and main Reason of this opinion, is the necessity of it to uphold the grandeur, and maintain the extravagancy of the *Roman Church*.

I do not design to abuse or scoff at any thing that is truly Sacred in the Church of *Rome*, or justly civil in any Foreign State: 'Tis most unjust to injure the memories of the dead, and  
most

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most impious to laugh at the state of the Damn'd, but when men shall make that an Article of my Faith, which may damn many Souls, but is not Essential to the saving any; when they shall dress it up with ridiculous circumstances, and silly incoherences; when the Pope shall plunder me of my Loyalty to my lawfull Prince; and this Doctrine shall endanger my Obedience to God: I cannot forbear searching into the bottom of this design; and having found it, acquaint the World with the depth of it.

When, I say, I consider, and find this Doctrine to be the great motive to most of the publick villanies of this age; a Doctrine grounded on a mixture of small hopes, and faint fears, and consequently taking away the energy of both; I have a vast desire to let the Reader know it, as well as my self, in that impartial Description I am now making of Purgatory, and if he will have a little patience, we shall shew presently: nevertheless, before I begin, it will be very convenient to know how natural and necessary this Doctrine



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ctrine is to the Church of *Rome*; which after that it began to decline from its Primitive Purity, and to exceed the bounds of the Spiritual Dignity, through the several infamous vices, of which, most of the Prelates have been so notoriously guilty, as to equal the most wicked Emperours: After that, the voluntary Donations of good Princes, were not sufficient to satisfy their Ambition, Covetousness, and Lusts; they took occasion from the ruine of the Empire (as many of them of late have done from the divisions of *Italy*) to lay the foundation of their uncontrollable Greatness in the *West*; and after the ruine of the *Eastern* Empire, to seize the Supremacy of the World; which they had laid claim to long before. But it being impossible to keep all the Christian World in Obedience to their supernatural Prerogative, without a Power and Dominion over the Consciences of Men: there was nothing could so effectually doe it, as the making the Pope in this world the Judge of mens Consciences, by Confession, and by Absolution, (if the Pope please) the rewarder



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warder of their actions in the other: thus gaining upon the publick calamities of the World, and the general Ignorance of the times; thus joyning *St. Paul's* Sword in Commission with *St. Peter's* Keys, and to their Canons, Councils, Leagues, Confederacies, Decretals, adding the Inquisition; they laid the foundation of a *Babel*, whose top was not so near Heaven, as the bottom of it to Hell.

Nevertheless, this mighty mass of Contrivance had fallen to confusion, had not the Errours of the Romish Church naturally produced a sect of Profelytes, whose Doctrines seem the consummation of its Monstrous Opinions, and whose Orders and Institutions are Essential to the maintenance of them.

The Divinity, and Morality of the Jesuites are excellent Commentaries on the Canon-Law, which gives the Bishop of *Rome* the Supremacy over all Kings, and Potentates; which the Jesuites have confirmed, by shewing most heavenly means to take away all that oppose it: and yet this is not sufficient,  
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but they usurp the Dominions of the King of Terrors too; Death and the Grave are Tributaries to them: and they have sequestred a place beyond them both, commonly called Purgatory, a place of the greatest Importance Imaginable to the Court of *Rome*; for thither all the Courts of Repentance are Adjourn'd; there all that pay not their Fines here, are Spiritually, or Corporally punished, untill they are replevin'd for less; as is evident in that profound Volume of Pardons and Indulgences, lately printed at *Rome*: and that which the Superstitious Mistakes of former times caused onely to be Imagined; the great expences Men now adays are at, make to be really, and sensibly believed. And that which was nobody knew what, or where, is now excellently defin'd, described, divided, subdivided, in that curious Model the Cardinal *Bellarmin* Compos'd, and in other pretty Inventions of later date; so infinitely advantageous to the Jesuitical adventurers, that without it that Order of men could never have procured the vast Interest they have in the World.

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I am forced to make this necessary digression, not onely for your better understanding the Reasons of things I shall hereafter discover; but because I had a great way to go; for although, as I at first told you, I flew swifter than an Arrow from a Bow, yet it was thus late e're I could get from the 7 little Hills of *Rome* to those vaster ones of the *Andes* in *Peru*; (those tall and sturdy Mountains, that subdue the Thunder, and swell into Desarts above the Clouds:) no sooner was I mounted on the top of these exceeding heights, but that I was instantly thrown down a deep Valley, so profound and dusky, that the Sun scarce sent thither any Deputy-Light; on the side of a Rock near the bottom was a Cave, whose entrance was obscured with a thick foggy Hurricane: as soon as I was absorpt in the Aerial Quag, I perceived my soul rapt in *Vehicles*, whose grosser qualities might make me capable of sensitive punishments, with all my faculties refin'd beyond your Imagination.

I was glad to see, feel, and understand my self again, but infinitely more  
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surprized to hear at some distance, a mighty number of People, who all like the Pilgrims to *Loretto* incessantly cry'd, *Ora pro nobis*; I presently found them to be an *Oglia* of all Nations, Conditions, and Constitutions, who were all bound for the same place with me; methought I never saw humane Nature in such variety at once, such degrees of Fear, Hope, Despair, Anger, Folly, that they all seem'd to act over again, what they in their lives had done, both in publick and private.

The first sort I took especial note of, were a great many Zealots, who invoked the Names of several Saints; some petitioned *St. Peter*, some *St. Paul*, others called upon the strangest names that ever I heard in my life, nor can I imagine who they belong to, except the *Indian Brackmans*; some Freeholders of *Nova Zembla*, or some persons of Quality in *Terra Incognita*.

There was a little crooked Fellow, crept into the corner of a Rock upon his knees, his Cheeks were swell'd like a Trumpeters, I got as near him as I could conveniently; but all that I could learn

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learn, was, that his mouth was full with the name of some Bombast Saint: he was mumbling it like a Cat in a Corner, but would not part with one Syllable of it.

His reserved Humour made me retire to others, whom I perceived to be abundantly more free, and thought themselves very fortunate to make their addresses to Saints A-la-mode, as *Campian*, *Garnet*, &c.

Others were mentioning great persons, as Emperours, Kings, and Champions; I was resolved to doe at *Rome* as they doe; and therefore with a Bon-grace I beseeched St. *Nero*, St. *Heliogabalus*, and St. *Julian*; I had not thrice invoked them, before I perceived, that several (who were near me, and observed by the Calmness of my Countenance, that things were pretty quiet within) had borrowed my Tutelar Names with great Devotion, and mighty hopes of success; I observed in them a great alteration for the better, and for fear they should pray to me too, I hastened forward; and overtook a Person in the Habit of a Jesuite, marching  
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ing very disconsolately. I resolved to make use of this opportunity, for my better Intelligence, and therefore in the most humble posture imaginable, Father, said I, your Reverence would Merit exceedingly, if you would assist us that linger behind with your seasonable advice: as soon as I had done speaking, he put a face o'er his shoulder, that would have soured Honey, one of the most sourly Aspects that ever I beheld; 'twas so venerable, that my hair stood up at it. Reverence, Sir? (replied he) a Pox on your Reverence; and then was silent for a time. I durst not breathe for fear I should move him a little more; when on a sudden he held up his Vest, And, Is this, said he, the Mantle of the Prophets? Is this that Immortal Buff that should secure me from all harm? might I not expect to be invisible; as well as invulnerable in it? To climb the Heavens on an enchanted Bromestaff, as soon as mount thither in this unhallowed Jerkin? Was not *Jonas* as secure under his Gourd, from the flaming Sun, as I am from the fire of Purgatory, under this



this Mushroom-*Capuch*. Oh that I should put my trust in this most Christian Turbant! Could I think that to be Buried in this habit would atone for those many Innocents I sent untimely to their graves! For all those Ruines, and mournfull desolations I left behind me! Oh that I could throw those Robes from me, which like the *Tunica molesta*, adds to my Torment! but 'tis too late to repent, or rent my Garments.

He had just ended his complaint, as a *Capuchin*, who was very near, and overheard him, burst into excessive laughter; and looking earnestly on me, Is it possible, said he, that the adorable Garb of a Jesuit should be Combersome to this Man? Can he fear any danger or affronts, whilst he is Muffled up in this Celestial Livery? Chear up, Sir, (said he) there is some most accomplitht Talisman against fire in these Robes, or some Secret sob to hide your most sensitive faculties in; Pray let me ease you, by unridling the Mysterious Intrigues of this habit. With that he turned up his Cassock, which was Richly lined with Silks, and so

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contrived for carriage with pockets, that it was difficult to find them all out; in some of them we found *Agnus Dei's*, *Veronica's* heads, Beads, and strange Relicks in Tobacco-boxes; in others whole Comb-cases full of Indulgences, Pardons, Commissions to Rebell, Murder, Burn, to be perjured in the highest degree, (and some other works of supererrogation) with Love-letters, Assignations, Bawdy Songs, Libells, and the Mass: and are not these, Sir, said the *Capuch*. (looking austerely on him) most excellent preservatives against heats and colds? Could you imagine there should be so much inherent holiness in these Garments as to secure you from punishment for sins, by taking away the guilt of them? Oh ye Charming power of new fashions! was there nothing among all the ancient Institutions of our Church worthy your respect and esteem, but the Rules of this order of men? Who seem to cancell all that is old in Religion (I mean Piety) and to make it all Ceremony and State-policy. 'Tis now, continued he, that four hundred years are past since

since several Learned and Judicious Writers have endeavoured to prove the great damage the Church would suffer from instituting new Religious Orders among us; and forty years are scarce gone over since we have seen effected by the Jesuits alone, what they could not have imagined, such as do fatally forerun the ruine of the Church of *Rome*. This is, Father (said I) what I can hardly believe, and their actions less aim at. Their manners do (said he) and their worse Doctrines: they will lose the hearts of the World as the excellent spirit of Christianity first gained them; and although their Interest at present in it is great, and disproportionable to their Vows; yet they will at last naturally contract that envy which is just to them: but besides all this they have shewn themselves monstrously ungratefull to those Princes, who have been their best Patrons; they have endeavoured to ruine the Interests of the *Austrian* Family, who first Established them, for no other Reason but because it at present declines from its former grandure: its true, in the Empire of

*Germany, Kingdoms of Spain, and Naples,* they manage the domestick concerns to the Princes advantage, so long as they are consistent with their own; and in the *Indies* they are the best part of the Colonies; yet in *Europe*, where the affairs of Christendom are in general debated (as lately at *Nimmeghen*, that great Mart of policy) they privately encouraged the most victorious Arms, Knowing that they can best Reward them in times of peace, and bearing things fairly and Indifferently to the Eyes of the World, they will be secure and flourishing amidst the Ruines, and desolations of succeeding Wars; These things must in time open the Eyes of Catholick Princes, and let them see that they are not so much obliged to the Jesuits, as to fortune, and success, for all those services they continue to them. And since they manage an interest distinct from all others, and which they are obliged to prosecute, although with the Ruine of Christendom; all wise men will soon see from whence those Jealousies, and discontents arise between the Princes of *Europe*, and the

the first motives to those Wars that divide the Christian World. 'Tis true there were Wars and fightings enough in the World before there were Jesuits, (for it was formerly the Popes Business) but the Devil is pleased to think them the fittest Instrument now-adays; for it is well Known what animosities they have bred in *Poland*, ever since they endeavoured to make that Kingdom not Elective: what Wars they have brought upon the *Venetian* State since the disgrace they received in that Commonwealth: In *France* they fomented the League: occasioned the conquest and ruine of *Portugal*: and procured the *Azores* to the Spanish King, and then most flourishing Monarch of *Europe*: They were the secret Incendiaries to stir up the People of *England* to the late unnatural Rebellion; and when they had done, they reproacht that Nation throughout all the World for the unparalleled Villany, and Murther of the King; and in their Writings they pretended to abhor and detest what in private they most zealously prosecuted and acted: and indeed, not onely the



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King of *England*, but all Protestant Princes to be irreconcilable to our Church, though but for their sakes.

Father (said I) interrupting him, I wonder that these things do not dispose the Christian Princes to serve them as they did the Templars, those Sons of Thunder vanished in a moment like Lightning, without any injury to the Church.

Oh no Sir (Replied he) that cannot be; their General sitteth so near the Pope, that he cannot fall without pulling him after him: for the concern of the Church of *Rome* doth now so far depend on the Court of *Rome*, and that on the Order of Jesuits, that whatever alteration shall happen to the one, must certainly reach the other; nay their General seems not onely to have equal Authority, but to usurp the Title, and dignities of the Pope; he is frequently stiled *Christi Vicarius*; the very second General of that Order *Jacobus Laynez* was by the name of Pope *Julio* the Third. And if ever another of that Society should be chosen, they would more strictly confine the Popedom to that  
Order



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Order than it is now to *Italy*: in the mean time they were bold enough to ineroach upon it, when they Impudently demanded, that one of their Order should always attend the Nuncio.

There are other Practices by which they will render themselves, and consequently the Church of *Rome*, (which Authorises them) odious to every particular man; and those are their abominable Morals; such doctrines of Libertinism as none but a Jesuit, and the great old Dragon, just let loose from the bottomless pit, could have contrived: for although such Principles may for a time find entertainment in the hearts of licentious, and debauched Persons; because they give a liberty of Sinning to any degree, by pardoning at any rate; yet the most Execrable Villains in Nature do as often question the Authority of their absolution from the Guilt, as the lawfulness of the Commission of their Sins; and although they are willing to adjourn their Penance untill they go to the other World; yet they fear their reception there will not be so favourable, or their release

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so speedy as the Jesuits are pleased to make them believe: for they have contrived a *Purgatory* ( to which we now hasten ) which cuts out all the Dreams of the *Indian Brachmans*, *Mahomet's Paradise*, the whimsies of the most barbarous Nations, or the Dominions of old *Pluto*, either for the wonders of its Workmanship, or Invention, or gain and Revenues; There they have whole Magazins of afflictions of all sorts and sizes, fitted to every temper, constitution, and condition; cruel twinging and corroding Pains, which they can tie up, and let loose in an instant: and on the other hand most speedy, and infallible Salvo's for every afflicted complexion: these do all excell all former inventions as much as the new Philosophy does the old, or any thing you shall hereafter see does *Tantalus* his Ducking-Stool, and all of them of exceeding value; for whilst poor Chymists are sooty with groping for the Philosophers Stone, they shine great and glorious on the Throne of Confession, and draw mighty taxes from those *Rossicrucian* Dominions: but they will not  
be

be long invisible to us, for we now approach a place of the greatest action in Imagination; there are all sorts of Men busie to undoe whatever they have done in their lives (as if the surface of things, though never so secret on Earth, were reflected on those fires, as the face of the Heavens on the Waters,) 'Tis in that Place of plain dealing we shall be acquainted with all the Intrigues of the new Casuistical Divinity, which to humane Reason are Cross-purposes; it's there we shall see the truth of things naked as the Soul at its departure, or the body at its birth; there are all secret imaginations, and private contrivances forced into publick actions; all the revels of the mind; all the hidden Plots, and most retired and deep Machinations to Subvert Governments, destroy Kings, ruine Empires, and Embroil the World: the very *Sanctum Sanctorum* of Jesuitism: and in a word the most Ridiculously Villanous *Genius* of these latter days.

He had no sooner done speaking but we were diverted with a prospect through a delicate Cascade into the  
richest

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richest Fields in the World, here is (cries the *Capuch.*) *Limbus Patrum*; mark how yonder apoplectical *Heroe*, freed from pain by a most wholsom Palsie, stalks and grumbles for want of Employment; and is weary of his *Quietus est*. Truly Father (said I) I thought I had entred the *Elysian* shades, and I am sure I have read of this place in the *Minor Poets*. Then we passed by *Limbus Infantum*, a place renowned for innocency, as the other for ease: but our Business lay in neither of them; for that we marched forward through a narrow, and duskie passage between two Rows of Yew-trees, untill we came to a Wall of great height adorned with a magnificent Gate-house, o'er the Portal were to be read in Burnishing Gold these words: *Orate Pro Animabus, A, B, C.*

By this time a great number that followed, overtook us, and the Portcullis being drawn up at the hours of Mass (to let those out who were to be released) obliged us to enter in at the same time: now my teeth began to chatter; and I expected at the first step to have fallen up to the Crotch  
in

in Snap-dragons; when to my great amazement we entred one of the largest and most beautifull Courts that I have seen, the *Capuch.* who observing by my countenance that I was disappointed of my expectation, took me by the hand, and smiling, wonder not (said he) that instead of a house full of fire and smoak, you are come into the Jesuits College; for all people who expect any favour in *Purgatory* must pass this way: for although by their Orders *They are not obliged to pray for the dead*; yet they dispose of *Hospin*: the greater part of the World who are bound for this place; they being not onely the chief and most fashionable Confessours of this Age; but also considerable Officers in the *Camera Apostolica*.

And now we are here, these Gentlemen in their habit, and as attendants on him, shall give us an opportunity of viewing the customs, and manners of this place.

By your leave (Father, said I) this place looketh more like a Prison than a College; for though 'tis Beautifull within, 'tis as strong as a Castle: surely these people



people will put our Souls into the Stocks, or nail our Intellectuals to the Pillory.

You have not so much reason (replied the *Capuch.*) to fear as they have, they know well enough that they have Enemies in the World, and therefore they are Jealous, and love to be secure: did you never hear of their College at *Prague*, that was so well provided and furnished with all manner of Ammunition? and that other at *Cracow* in *Poland*, which the Turks thought to have been a Garrison of Christian Janisaries? But let not these things affright you, be bold and follow me.

With that he mounted a pair of stairs which led into a large room o'er the Gate-house; I was surprised to espie a great number of grave Austere persons sitting around a Table, in the middle of which lay a Corps so mangled, that I thought they had the Man in the Almanack for the first dish.

What place is this, Sir, (said I) the Anatomy School? no, no (quoth the *Capuch.*) it is the Council of the Holy Inquisition; at the very name my heart beat



*The Vision of Purgatory.* 29

beat a march to my legs, which would certainly have run away with me, if I could have thought to escape so; but I was forced to take courage, and began to look about me: the Chamber was hung around with their famous exploits, which were their Murthers in the *Valtolin*, in *France*, *Germany*, *Spain* and *Italy*: their Massacres in several parts of the Earth; but their wonders in *America* took up a whole side of the Room; there was a void place for *Britain*; but their design was not yet finished: so that here was the Map of the World deluged with Bloud.

I went to a great Chest, which was filled with fundry Rarities, as Carabins, Pitchforks, Brimstone and Fire; but one thing I took great notice of, and that was a Coin of Pope Gregory the 13th with this Motto, *Strages Ugonothorum*; as current Money as that with which the Spanish Mastiffs were solemnly paid for Hunting, and Killing the poor *Indtans*. Whilst I was viewing these things, 7 or 8 Rich Men were recommended to Fire and Faggot for no body knows what, when,

30 *The Vision of Purgatory.*

when, or where, by an order from the Inquisition.

We were pretty well satisfied with what we had seen in this place, and retiring, I espied o'er the door the Banner of the Inquisition: The Coat was the Popes, and King of *Spains* Arms; and are these (said I) the *Insignia* of this powerfull Jurisdiction which bears such a sway in the World? The four ancient Monarchies of which were described by four Monsters: but this truly Fifth Monarchy can never be represented, nor can any disharmonious Union in Nature Emblemize that power that endeavours the Corruption of Grace: surely this is another Pagan Ordinance; the dead seem all alive as in the *Hades* of *Homer*, but cannot sentence the Living, except they drink humane Bloud, which is the life of Man: all of this Council were of a pale, and yellowish Complexion; lookt with gasty Visages, as if some secret flame had burnt their Entrails; and were continually tormented with the anguish of a wrathfull mind and Tyrannous Inclinations mixed with zeal, which made them  
look

*The Vision of Purgatory.* 31

look like the Heaters of the fiery furnace ; and if Intemperance translated *Ulysses* his men into Swine, these had the faculties of mad dogs.

We passed from them through an Antichamber into a stately Combination room, which was filled with no better Company ; for although they sate with Countenances so demure, as if their hearts had been busied with the best thoughts that can enrich the Soul of Man ; yet when I perceived the furniture of the Table, which was Bell, Book and Candle ; and among them *Escobar*, *Lessius*, *Molina* and *Campian*, I no longer doubted their concerns, nor needed I ; for in that instant *Campian* stood up ; and since (said he) your Reverences cannot but Know, that in my Epistle to Queen *Elizabeth's* Privy Council, Printed in the year 1583, I have thus declared ; That as touching our Society, be it known unto you ; that we have a League with all the Jesuits in the World, whose succession and multitude must over-reach the Practice of *England*, Chearfully to carry the Cross which God shall lay upon us ; and never to  
despair

despair your recovery so long as a man of us remain to enjoy your *Tyburn*, &c. ( and *Creswell* said the same ) it is in vain for us any longer to palliate our pretences; and although the Councils of *Constance*, and of *Spain*, the *Sorbon* College upon the Murther of *Henry* the Fourth, seem to condemn this practice upon particular accounts, and to Temporise with some difficulties; yet the Doctrine of those Authours do abundantly confirm it ( with that he pointed to a side-board-table that was loaden with a vast number of Folio's, containing the Canons, Councils, Decrees, Bulls, Excommunications, and several Murthering Ordinances and Injunctions of the *Roman Church* ) so that ( continues he ) I Know not whether we have been more successfull in smothering or undertaking after discovery, or admirable in the contrivance of them; yet in this last design upon *England*, we shall ingage as many testimonies against us, as in all our practices against Queen *Elizabeth*, and King *James*, since Managed by as many as those altogether; and yet we must still prosecute according

ing to our universal assent and consent for the Future. At the end of this sentence, all the Fathers unanimously stood up: and laying their hands on their Breasts, did in most solemn manner renew their Vowes of Fidelity and Secrecy.

I began to look upon them with some esteem, thinking that Men of their parts and Learning, would not be so solemnly engaged upon trivial accounts, or be rashly concerned in a Business to which they had no fundamental Right. And therefore turning to the *Capuch.* Father (said I) It seemeth strange to me that these Men, who are born the Subjects of different Princes, between whom there have lately happened mortal, and bloody Wars; and between whose Parents and Relations there has always been a different Humour and National Antipathy, I say, 'tis strange to me, that these Men should so heartily, and unanimously agree in the same Opinions and Practices. Pray tell me, Is Zeal or Interest the Cement of this *Society*? Truly, Sir, reply'd the *Capuch.* These two things put together, make the most

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accomplisht Jesuit ; for you must understand, that the Novices are brought up under such strict rules of obedience to their Superiours, that 'tis no wonder that they can so easily forget Father, and Mother, and their duty to their Prince and Countrey. Then they have such impressions of esteem and value for their Fathers fixed in their minds from their youth, that when they arrive to the highest preferments, and their Reasons to the best improvements, their Judgments can never blot out those Characters so long stamp't in their Memories, so that 'tis no wonder that they teach others, and practise themselves what they were taught. And this is the reason that they are so ready, and officious to instruct the youth, because by that means they shall ingage the generality of Men to a good opinion of them.

Now although those who are admitted into their Society, take a Vow of perpetual poverty, and resign their property, yet 'tis all to their own Community, from whence they again receive all the conveniences of life, without those



those cares that attend those that stand on their own legs, or fall by themselves. There are many of the Seculars among them, who are employed in several Trades, and although they must give an account to the Society; yet 'tis their sufficient Interest to be thus employed, for in the mean time they live, and enjoy the comforts of life to what degree they please; and although they may fear the Hangman, shall never need to fear their Creditours: as for example, suppose (what was very true) that one of them Keep a Tavern in *London*, first he is supplied with a good stock, then with good intelligence from the Vintages; and 'tis a very hard case if he have not good custome from his own Order, who may occasion much Money to be spent there by their too numerous acquaintance; to be short, they all move in the highest sphere of Ambition in the World: for to be Captain in an Army, wherein all *Enrope* might be ingaged against the *Turks*, shall not so much encourage a Man to shew his valour, and conduct, as it shall move a Man to shew his obedience and parts to an Order of

### 36 *The Vision of Purgatory.*

Men composed of all Nations, for whom he hath so great veneration, and who seem to fight all the Interests in the World: This makes them say, as in *Solomon*, *Come with us, cast in thy lot among us, we will all have one purse*: this makes the greatest villanies, that may promote their Interest, seem the most glorious Achievements: this makes them venture their Lives madly, like the *Circumcelliones*, and dye desperately beyond Example.

We went down a pair of back-stairs into a stately Cloyster, which led directly to a Chapel Extraordinarily adorned with rich Plate, lively Hangings, and something resembling the Jesuits Church at *Antwerp*; but I took especial notice of the Effigies of several Persons, who in all History do seem to me as ill Villains as any that are mentioned in the vast Catalogue of memorable Mankind, and might as ill become such a place as *Judas*, there were the Portraitures of *Ravilliac*, *Jacob Clemens*, and of several other Assassins, whom success in their designs had made as Infamous, as their punishments remarkable: but here their  
Memories

*The Vision of Purgatory.* 37

Memories seemed somewhat more pretious, for they were mounted above the Clouds on the wings of Angels, and Crowned by Cherubims with Wreaths of Light: over against them were the resemblances of those unfortunate Princes, who fell by their wicked hands, but were more rudely used by the Painters. Whilst I was viewing them, my Ears were as much surpris'd with a consort of Flutes, Tabors, loud Bagpipes, and such sorts of Oriental Musick, as use to set the *Turks* and *Tartars* together by the Ears: I expected some sacred Masquerade, such as the Jesuits ( who have well read Men ) do now adays oblige the World with; or such as the Church of *Rome* formerly used (for there was a Church in *Florence* Burnt down with that fire that

*Mach. Hist.*

was made to represent the Descent of the *Holy Ghost* ) but I was mistaken; for there entred between two sower ill-lookt Worm-eaten Jesuits, a Fellow so terribly Grim and Stern, that there wanted onely the Sign of the Wild-Man to represent him to.

Truely I was a little fearfull at the first,

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and

### 38 *The Vision of Purgatory.*

and my hair stood up to complement his; he had a Stiletto in his right hand, and the Mass in his left; so that I shunned him, and drawing towards the *Capuch*. Father (said I) it seems strange to me, that this Fellow, being possessed, and coming hither to be Exorcis'd, should be suffered to bear such a Weapon in his hand. Oh Sir! (replyed he) you mistake the business, this Fellow comes not hither to have one Devil taken from him, but to have several Legions put into him; the Jesuits are now entering this Man, and with more subtile arguments than ever the old Serpent invented, do prompt him to Sin against the light of nature, without any motives to real, or seeming Good: he is now instructed to destroy the Person of a great King, without any hopes of escaping the punishment due to such a Villany, and how they reward him in *Purgatory* you shall understand by and by; 'tis true, Thirty thousand Masses were an Apostolical donation, but you will find them as Insignificant as an Eclogue of *Virgil*, or two staves of the Catholick Ballad.

The

The dreadful circumstances of instructing this paricide, filled we with horror and amazement; and the solemn manner of consecrating the weapons, wherewith he was to give the fatal Blow, seemed to add a wondrous Impiety to their malicious, and diabolical designs; and although I well enough knew, that after all their pretences of charity and piety, yet they aim at nothing less than an unlimited power and greatness; yet I did little think they should ever endeavour to attain it by such Maxims; by Doctrines ten thousand times more villanous than the *Alcoran*, which the Natural barbarity of the *Cannibals* never taught them; and the Hang-man of *Scythia* would have burnt at the Stake; by Doctrines so cowardly base and barbarous, that *Sergius* seemed a Saint to the Devil *Ignatius*, whose undivine Motto was, *Cavete vobis Principes*. These reflexions made me turn to the *Capuch.* and ask him what particular Reasons do move the Jesuits to prosecute all Christian Princes, and especially the King of *England*? I (said I) know the Canons of *Rome* long before the



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Order of Jesuits did abundantly instruct the Papists to these practices, and most of the Christian World have felt the effects of them ; but the English have the most reason to know them, from the frequent and notorious villanies practised in that Kingdom.

You put me now upon a question (said I ) which I should not resolve , were I the person my garb denotes me ; but waving this untill another occasion ; The Order of Jesuits seem to be raised by the Pope, in opposition to the happy Reformation, which was not perfected before they began to stir abroad ; and they have incessantly annoyed you in several undertakings, which all your Histories from that time to this day mention , besides , in many things not generally Known.

The revolt of so noble a Kingdom as *England*, from the *Roman* yoke , exceedingly grieved his Holiness, who immediately sent out his new instituted *Janisaries* to reduce that Province ; but they in short time overawing their Grand Signior, were far more inclined to that expedition from the hopes of improving



improving their own Interests, and the greatness of their Order, which according to their rules, is to be preferred before the safety of Christendom; now there is no place so convenient to overlook it as *England*, which doth balance all *Europe*, and hath in the last Ages given a check to the dangerous Growth of any one people, it would be very advantageous to settle in that Kingdom for their publick concerns: but besides they would soon procure great Revenues, and privileges from the Inhabitants, of whom they of the *Roman Religion*, are the Jesuits friends, and few of them *Jansenists*, or unreformed Catholics: and that is another motive, for ever since their first attempts upon *England* in the days of Queen *Mary*, they quarelled all other Priests, who had brought in Popery, and endeavoured to turn them out; and in a late dull Pamphlet, Intituled, *Jansenia*, they seemed jealous, that their quarrel in *France* might endamage them in *England*: 'tis true, they used some other Priests, and Seculars in the late Plot, but it was upon necessity.

Another

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Another Reason of their wicked Industry is, the facility of perfecting their attempts from the divisions, and animosities among the people (for what resolutions can be expected in them who are divided by so many new and various Enmities? ) they occasioned the late Civil Wars, and although they did not work to that end they intended them, yet they thought they had more effectual means now from the increase of Roman Catholicks, from the inveterate hatred all other sects shew to the Government both in Church and State.

There are another sort of Persons they are very intimate withall, and they are the *Atheists* and *Libertines* ; the one managed by their excellent Doctrine of Demonstration , the other by that of Probability, pretty Discipline for them whose Souls are of the complexion of the five *Dutch Senses* : the one have scarce the goodness to be ambitious , and both so drowned in their lusts, and indifferent to Religion, that they will never die in defence of a Government ; to the preservation of which, the Articles of our Church are so essentially Necessary :

cessary : Now the onely difficulty the Jesuits stick at, is to be certain, that they are favoured by that Prince, whose assistance they require in the recovery of that Kingdom. The *Spanish* Kings are the true Sons of the *Roman* Church, and consequently their Chief Patron; they were styled in the days of *Philip* the Second no less than Apostles (as were *Manes* his 12 Disciples) so they had a powerfull influence upon that Prince to move him to an Invasion which proved unsuccessfull; since so mighty a Power was so easily defeated, nothing less than the most victorious Arms of *Europe* must make the second venture; and therefore the *F. K.* must be moved to this Expedition; the great, and chief motives to which, are their own Interests, and not either Love or Loyalty to any Foreign State, or Zeal to the *Roman* Church.

The *Capuch.* having ended his Discourse, beckned to me to follow him; and so I did through a dark Alley, which led to a little Brazen-Gate, through which, after we had descended eight or ten steps, we entred into a large  
Vault

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Vault directly under the Chapel ; at the first I could not well tell whether I felt the cold or darkness of the place ; but immediately after I espied a Table, as I thought just under the high Altar, covered with a Crimson Carpet, distain'd with black Scorpions , Spiders and Toads, and set out with six dim Tapers ; by the light I then perceived the Arch of the Vault to be Enammel'd with the Devil's hand-writing, which contained the names of several Conjurers , done with the flame of a Candle : at some distance from the Table were seated in strange Habits, and with Cloudy looks, several modern Devil-mongers, who came to assist at the Blackest Ceremonies in the Church of Darkness.

Among them the most remarkable was Pope *Paul* the Third, who Excommunicated *Henry* the Eighth, although Pope *Julio* his predecessor would have transferred to him the Title of Most Christian. I say, that Pope *Paul* the Third, who to his other Impieties added the abominable Sin of *Necromaneis*, so far was the head of the R. C. from keeping the Commandments of God , that  
he

*The Vision of Purgatory.* 45

he had more Devils than one : He was here seated in a Chair of State , cross-leg'd for good-luck ; the place lookt like an *Indian* Pagode, into which there now entred a tall, slender Jesuit , in a Robe made of the Skins of *Embrio's* , and the great old Dragon for a Crest to his corner'd Cap ; who marching towards the Table, and kneeling down , began to invoke several wicked Spirits, and the Ghosts of famous Wizards. When he had done, he sacrificed the fore-skins of *Janisaries*, with an Offering of Snap-dragons ; and then arising , he drew a Circle of Wild-fire about him, and holding a Snake in his Right hand, he spake these Lines in a hollow and murmuring Voice,

*Now all the Dæmons of the Air  
Of England's ruine do despair ;  
The Influence of Stars,  
And foreign and domestick Wars  
Have done their worst :*

*'And the destroying Angel too  
Hath done what death's Imperial Sword can doe,  
To make that People more accurst,*

*with*



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*With Plagues, and Jesuits, Fire and Sword, have  
To work out Britain's great Confusion; (gone,  
With them the Vices of the Age combine,  
And carry on the great design:*

*But all the Powers of darkness cannot doe,  
The Nations Guardian-Angel is our foe.*

## II.

Forth from the dark Abyss of fate,  
From the deep Conclave of Hells state,  
I now invoke these elder Evils,  
The last reserves of fighting Devils ;  
                    Dæmons without head or tail,  
Dæmons of Fanaticism rise,  
In various forms, and wondrous wise ;  
                    You onely can prevail,  
                    You never fail.

After a little pause there appeared the *How Do ye, or, The present State and Genius of Fanaticism*; but in such a miscellany of Garb, that *Hobbs* in ten Miles riding could never patch together such incoherencies; he was the great Hieroglyphick of *Jesuitism, Puritanism, Quakerism*, and of all *Isms* from *Schism*; he had on his head a Broad-brimm'd hat, like a Quaker, onely the Crown was out, which

*The Vision of Purgatory.* 47

which discovered that he was shaven ; his face was a medly of tempers ; he seem'd to cry, laugh, talk, spit, snivel, all in a wind , and he lookt the Compass ; he was up to the Arm-pits in a Tub, which reached down to his Ancles, one of his feet was cloven , and from the cleft went this Motto, *Divide & Impera* ; but one thing I took especial notice of, and that was a Label from his Mouth, containing these words, *We have a Law, and by our Law he ought to die , because he maketh himself a King.*

All the Assembly made their respects to this Apparition ; and the Conjuror having done his Ceremonies , spake as followeth.

*To thee, most powerfull Genius, are we come  
On Embassie from thy Confederate Rome ;  
The last of times Commands us both to Joyn,  
To Judge, Condemn, and Kill our foes and thine :  
No difference can be shewn 'twixt Us and Thee,  
So long as [ Non-sense understood ] agree  
With [ Fallible Infallibility. ]* }

*Long our unweildy means, and vast designs,  
Bigger than Mountains, deeper than the Mines,  
Have prov'd but uneffectual trifling toyes,  
But Womens valour, strategems of Boys ;*

*When*

# 48      *The Vision of Purgatory.*

*When you from little undiscovered things  
 Destroy'd three Kingdoms, and unthron'd two Kings:  
 Thou didst them to such civil wrath dispose,  
 They had Triumph'd,  
 If onely all the World had been their foes.  
 Go, and once more let thy tempestuous Zeal  
 Thy power in them to all Mankind reveal;  
 Great pestilence of the Mind, we trust in Thee,  
 Maggot of Conscience, true Lycantrophy;  
 Let them to real Wolves, and Lions turn,  
 Whilst they with ignorant indignation burn;  
 Be onely Men by Knowledge of their Force,  
 Like Monstrous Tartar, make them Man and Horse:  
 So they'll conclude the World's great Tragedy,  
 And metamorphos'd from Humanity,  
 Be Cadmus's or the Serpents strange posterity:  
 For as Mad-Men do their own lives annoy,  
 So Bodies Politick themselves destroy.  
 Let natures Wars destroy those Babes of Grace,  
 As Angels fell in battel from their Place.  
 No need of more Anathema's from Rome,  
 All will be Anti-popes, and sanctifie each others  
 (doom.*

These words were no sooner ended,  
 but the Poetical Conjuror was rapt up in  
 Flames, crackled like Bayes, and Him-  
 self and Audience, and all disappeared;  
 so that we were left in the dark; and  
 feeling our way out, I was astonish'd  
 with a strange noise, as if *Briarius* had  
 been

been at Hotcockles with all his hands. I askt the *Capuchin* what was the meaning of this noise, who told me, that if I was a Novice among them, I should soon know, for that next to this Vault was another, where they punish the Novices by terribly affrighting them, and with such severe Bastinadoes, that some of them never come out alive again, which made me hasten away with all speed imaginable: as soon as I thought my self out of danger, I began to reflect on what I had seen. I was strangely surpris'd to find Pope *Paul* the Third in such wicked Circumstances, which made me tell the *Capuchin*, that although the Jesuits Morals might easily convince a Man of their Practices; yet I mightily wondred that the Popes, who are elected from among the Inhabitants of the greater part of Christendom to be Head of the Church, should ever be guilty of such Vices, as they are commonly charged with; that a Man who is to sit in the eyes of all the World, and in a Place to which neither Honour, nor Riches, nor any thing else, but the most excellent spirit of a perfect Christian,

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59 *The Vision of Purgatory.*

stian, should advance him, with the consent of such a number of rare Understandings as are to assist him; that he should sometimes prove the Monster of the Age, is the Mystery of iniquity to me.

To you, Sir, reply'd the *Capuchin*, can he appear any otherwise to you, since he is your mortal Enemy, so long as you deny his Supremacy; which perhaps your Judgment is not directed to allow of?

Good Father, reply'd I, mistake me not; for 'tis not because the Pope thinks me an Heretick (and therefore would infallibly Carbonado me, if he could catch me) that I consequently think him an Adulterer; and although Pope *John* the Twelfth was a great one, I never read that he sent his Nuncio thus far for a Wench; and therefore I speak of those gross Immoralities and Personal Vices their own Historians report them to have been guilty of.

You say right, quoth the *Capuchin*, these things are best shewn by matter of Fact, brought to us by the faithfull reports of impartial Historians.

The



*The Vision of Purgatory.* 51

The Kingdom of *England* is so far distant from the Court of *Rome*, that they have disproportionable apprehensions of it, which is sufficiently seen, in that the Kings of that Nation have done Penance according to the Popes proud order, whereas he himself was shut out of *Rome*, and the States of *Italy* did always as little value his Spiritual Arms, as his Temporal; The *Florentines* in the year 1478. slighted the Popes Interdiction, commanded their Priests to celebrate Mass, summoned a Council of all the Prelates of *Tuscany*, wherein they appealed to the next General Council from *Sixtus the Fourth*, who basely agreed to the dreadful Murder of *Lorenzo di Medici* in the Cathedral of *St. Reparata*, and for hanging the Assassin a Priest, unjustly waged War with them. And the *Venetians* chose a Bishop of *Vincenza* in despite of Pope *Julio the Second*, who therefore procured the League of *Cambray* against them; and at this day they pay no Pensions to Cardinals, nor do they care for a favourable Election; nor is any in possession of a Benefice by any Grant, or

Nomination of the Popes ( unless first approved by the Council ) and they are so wise as to find out a trick to prevent the effect of the Popes Patent. So that many may look upon the goodness as well as the greatness of the Popes at too great a distance ; and that because they are ignorant of the present State and Policy of the Court of *Rome*, or by what means he and his Courtiers come to make up that Court ; this we know from those Historians, who are, or were of that Court, and sufficiently obliged to it not to discredit it in such a manner, and yet they are forced from the power of manifest Truths to record many extravagancies ; and we may suspect that Pope *Adrian* had good cause to throw the *Statua's* of *Marforio* and *Pasquil* into *Tyber*, rather than that people should daily read worse things than the Scriptures in the vulgar Tongues ; and although I believe their Libels no more than their Legends, there may be more Grounds of Truth for the former, than for the latter. But farther, Sir, if you knew by what means some arrive at that Dignity, you cannot think they will keep  
it

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it better than they got it ; how often hath it been procured by Factions and Usurpations, by Strategems and Interests infinitely different from the simplicity of the first Apostolick Elections? How often have there been Schisms in that Church? and how many disorder'd Popes after due Election have the City of *Constance* been fatal to by General Councils there held, and call'd to reform them? But to prevent this for the future, they have a new *Raggione di Stato*, and that is, that Cardinals may not go out of the State of the Church without leave from the Pope, and so they prevent those Councils, before which they have been formerly summon'd to appear. The order of Cardinals, from whence they are chosen, have been made infamous by the lives of several unworthy and undeserving persons among them (too many to name at present) who may arrive at the Popedom as well as others: Pope *Leo the Tenth* created 30 Cardinals at once, and would have made *Raphael of Urbin* one among them for Monies due to him for Pictures; I will accuse them of no more

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faults than they have been guilty of; but it was a cunning trick of the Jesuits to curry Pope *Paul the Third* ( a Man of his Inclinations ) by telling him , That if he by his wickedness should damn the World, he could not be questioned for it : and truly if we shall have no better for the future, than the generality of them have been these last 500 years, I wish the Prophecy of *St. Malachias* Archbishop of Ireland, in the year 1140. had been One thousand years old.

Vid. *Flosculi Historici.*

Father, said I, methinks these Popes are not such crafty old Foxes as I always fancied them; I think Pope *Paul the Third* might have been more wise than to seek the recovery of *England* by the *Black Art*; Does he think, after the defeat of their Armada's abroad, and discoveries of their Plots at home, to conquer us with a Regiment of enchanted Broomstaves? does he lay aside all the Heroes of *Christendom* and *Turky*, to ingage *Oberon*, *Robin Good-fellow*, and *Tom Thumb* against us? will he make his Jesuits, who are real Plagues to us, turn  
Magicians

*Magicians* to make counterfeit ones? Alas, he had better turn the Sieve by *St. Peter* and *St. Paul*, to know who stole us from him; we are as far out of the reach of these little designs as the Moon, which (were it a face, according to the Hypothesis of Sign-posts) would laugh at the Dogs that bark at it.

You doe well, reply'd the *Capuchin*, to bantrum your self with these extravagant animadversions; but I must tell you, how little and inconsiderable soever they seem to you, yet do they abundantly testifie their malice to be very great; which when it cannot prevail with Heaven, and Providence to determine your ruine, seeks to the Fates and nethermost Hell to contrive it; and I must tell you, they have found out a nicking Devil, (a Devil of their own complexion) from the effects of whose unreasonable malice, that Heaven alone, which hath hitherto prevented them, is still able to preserve you; but you shall see more of this in another place.

He had no sooner done speaking, but we were by a By-way, which I shall



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not find another time, brought into a wide place, which was sultry hot with the Multitude crouding into the mouth of *Purgatory*: The entrance gave us a strange and unusual Prospect; it lookt like the Gave of *Custoza*, between *Padoa* and *Vincenza*, or the Stone Quarry near *Maestricht*, no Labyrinth more intricate, like *Nero's Hundred Chambers* at *Bajæ*; there were several By-ways which led into the several divisions of *Purgatory*; but before I came to any particular one of them, I perceived my *Capuchin* violently hurried away, and carried before a grave Person, who sate in a Chair, and suffered none to pass, before he had examined them. I was forced very near him, but with a good will, for I was desirous to understand his employment. I immediately perceived him to be the Confessour-General, for as soon as the *Capuchin* was got to him, he askt several questions concerning the course of his life, and began to upbraid him for being a *Jansenist*; at which the *Capuchin* told him, that he was no Member of the *Roman Church*, and consequently no *Jansenist*; that he died a Pro-

Protestant, being ashamed to be of that Church which did Authorise, and that publickly too, such manifest Villains.

The Confessor told him, he should find much Civility in respect that he had forsaken *Jansenius*, although he had turned *Turk*, and so dismiss him.

The next that came to Confession was a young Woman, with whom he was at the old sport of *Questions and Commands*, *Crambo* and *Cross-purposes*, which were so lascivious and impertinent, that the Woman, though formerly an impudent Whore, was more ashamed than afraid to answer him.

My turn came the next, and after my respects done, he askt me what my name was, I thought that if ever a good thumping Name would doe me a kindness, it might doe me one now, and therefore I confidently told him that my Name was *Honorificabilitudinitatibusque*. He lookt very wishly upon me all the time I was saying my Name, and as soon as I had done, Sir, reply'd he, I suppose you are some Cardinal's Nephew, that come hither to make your self merry, I wish you good diversion.

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I made no delay in taking my leave, but packing up my heels, I passed away with all speed imaginable ; I had not gone ten steps before I overtook my honest Protestant *Capuchin*, who tarried for me. And now, Sir, said he, you shall see enough of *Purgatory* before we part ; if you will but retain the memory of that equal Constitution which carried you through all the Climates of the World ; for *Purgatory* is not such a Mass of Fire laid in Piss, as some imagine it ; or such a Fire as *Philip the Second* of Spain burnt 150 Protestants in at one time ; nor such hot fire as was used in *Q. Mary's* days ; but this Laboratory of the Pope is composed of the Quintessence of the four Elements, of the Blas or Air, and Glafs of Water, &c. but follow me.

I knew not which way to turn, and therefore was contented to go along with him ; although the place we were already in was exceeding hot, for we walked up to the Ankles in scalding Ashes, and our backs were scorched as if three Suns had shin'd upon us at the same time, although the place was very dusky, for we had a Mouse-coloured Firmament :

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ment: The noise was various and dismal, but after a small time, I began to distinguish what I heard; for I could hear at some distance a Fellow crying out in a lamentable tone. *All ye that pass by, and enter in, take Pity of me, and of your selves too:* I could not well understand his meaning, and therefore drawing nearer him, I perceived that he was loaden with a great Chest, which with the heat and burthen did infinitely perplex him; he lookt like an old Officer of the *Goths* and *Vandals*; there was nothing regular about him but his Hat, which was a *Duodecædram*, and no ill Model of the Fortifications of *Maestricht*; In the name of the Pope, said I, what art thou? What, said he, a poor Rogue, who not having the fear of the Pope before mine eyes, Feloniously and Jesuitically did take, steal, and carry away this Cargo of Relicks at the Plunder of a Religious House in *Alsatia*; and for my punishments do bear the Burthen of these venerable Antiquities, which amount to 200 weight. I should be freed from this torment if I  
could

could but procure the owners of them a Sum of Money in exchange of them. Well, said I, let me see them, if there be any thing considerable, I will be the Chapman; with that he very readily gave me a sight of them. Here is, said he, a Bowl of Curds and Cream made of the Milk of St. *Luke's* Cow: here is *Julius Caesar's* Nut-croom: here are Shoes in which St. *Ignatius* went bare-foot to *Jerusalem*; here is the *Os Sacrum* of one of the 11000 Virgins. Those are all common, said I. Are they so, reply'd he, Well then, here is half a pound of the *Chaos*, (and then he lookt big.) This said I, is but indifferent. No, Sir, said he; pray, Sir, have a little patience. Finally, here is the Horseshoe of the Horse, that begot the Mare, that Foal'd the Foal, that was the Horse, that brought the Man, that saw the Man, that saw our Lady of *Loretto's* Chapel fly from *Judea* into *Italy*.

Truely friend (said I) this is a Horseshoe of Quality; Oh! Sir (cries he) it is renowned for doing many Miracles, and performing sundry feats of activity; it will Fetch, and Carry, and Jump over



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a stick for the Pope, 'tis the very first Horshoe that ever kept Witches out of an house, and (to the Immortal honour of this Horshoe) the Grand Seignior, by the advice of the *Mufti*, hath Com-manded, that all the Tobacco-stoppers in his Dominions should were the sign of this Horshoe : nay, there was a talk at the *Divan*, that the Imperial half-moon should be abrogated.

He would have gone on half an hour longer in the Tradition of this Utensil, had not I interrupted him, by asking him how it came first to be revealed to the World: it was (replyed he) first discovered by a Jesuit, who endeavouring to find a way to *China* by land, and travelling through a Sandy desert in the Eastern parts of *Tartary*, he (to his great comfort) espied, as he thought, a Horse-footing; when, as to his greater amazement, he overtook this poor Horshoe all alone, from which there came a voice, which asked him the way to the *Holy Land*; the holy Father wondred at the zeal of it, and after he had given thanks to the Seven Champions, under whose protection he had

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had travelled thus far, he resolved to return, thinking that he had now an opportunity of gaining more than by the conversion of the *Chinois*; to be short, instead of directing it to *Jerusalem*, he brought it with him into *Flanders*; where the People paid it great veneration, and him a great deal of Money for his pains.

I burst into excessive laughter at this long, and Impertinent story of an Horseshoe; and turning to the *Capuch. Father* (said I) The Jesuits will certainly render themselves very contemptible, and Ridiculous, by attempting to impose upon the World after so gross a manner.

You are mistaken (replied the *Capuchin*) they do not go about to cheat all the World into a belief of these Fooleries, these are little tricks of Ledgerdmain to Cajole the Rabble; they have Articles of Faith of all sorts, and sizes, and fitted to the Fancies, Humours, and Tempers of all sorts of men: for themselves they have delicate, curious, metaphorical Articles; Kings and Princes may have what they please, only

ly they must believe them to be their friends, from the pious Soliloquies of *Ignatius Loyola*, *Cavete vobis Principes*. Now for Grandees, and Ministers of State, they have Articles of great moment, as for example, that the *French King* has a Title to the Empire; ( And I believe that he will rob the Pope of that considerable Article of Universal Monarch in short time: ) Now for those *Roman Catholics*, who are of honefter Principles, and who have declared that they detest their Morals and Practices, or are ignorant of them; they let them believe what they please (though we should not trust them to doe what they might ) onely the superstitious Ignorant Rout, the *Inepta Turba*, as they call them, are cheated into a belief of those lying wonders.

Father (said I) these devices may secure their Interests in R. C. Dominions, but what will they signifie in Protestant Countries, where the People are incensed against them? Oh Sir (said he) do not you know that if a Jesuit is designed for *England*, he lays aside the Habit of his Order, and not onely so, but he walks every day in a different  
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disguise: so 'tis with their stratagems, they are varied according to the several opinions, humours and Interests of Men, and still designed to the same main end (the advancement of their Society) they have not made so many different Articles of Faith in all *Europe* as they have made Schisms and Heresies in *England* (I had like to have forgot *Scotland*.) Now as those comely Articles I before mentioned are grounded upon Interest and Superstition, so are all the Heresies of Great *Britain*, which destroy the Church of *England*, as the other maintains the Church of *Rome*; onely with this difference, that the Superstition of those goodly people, who call themselves *Protestants*, is more Fatal to the ruine of the one, than the superstition of the Papists is able to uphold the other; nay, the violence of your Re-forming zeal in the late Wars was such, that all the Ages of the World cannot parallel its extravagancies. *Cromwell* understood this so well, that it was the first thing he did, after he had received a Commission from the Earl of *Essex*, to inflame his Souldiers with this Diabolical  
valour

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valour, by which, whilst they thought they fought the *Lord's*, they fought his Battels, to the ruine of their Properties, as well as their Princes Prerogative. But you shall farther understand this, when we come into a place of *Purgatory* called *Puritania*.

Whilst the *Capuchin* was thus discour-  
sing, the Fellow, who shew'd us those  
forenamed Rarities, held a Scroll in his  
hand, which the *Capuchin* took from  
him and opened: The Title was, *The  
Solemn League and Covenant*. As soon  
as ever I saw it, I trembled, as if I had  
been brought before the Committee for  
the unpardonable Crime of being Fa-  
therless and Motherless; What are you  
afraid of, cries the *Capuchin*? here, take  
hold of it, 'twill not bite you; the Sting  
is out, and the Venom of it is discover-  
ed; Why, Sir, said I, is it venomous?  
Ay, quoth the *Capuchin*, 'tis the strong-  
est Poison that ever was compos'd in  
*France*; whoever took it, immediately  
ran Mad, and bit and worried all those  
that endeavoured to recover them to  
their right minds; and when a great  
number had been possessed, and want-

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ed opposers, then they devoured one another; and if this fellow would but give you as good an account of it as he has done of the Horshoe, 'twill prove the tallest Relict by the head and shoulders; 'twould pose 40 confounded lying Jesuits, and as many Tub-preachers, to tell all the pranks it hath played in the World; it hath done more mischief than all the Earthquakes that ever happened; for although one of them once overthrew 12 Cities in a night, this overthrew three Kingdoms in a day; it has occasioned all the Villanies, publick Murthers, Plots, Conspiracies, Confederacies, that have been in the World; and yet in every age it has appeared in different shapes, like the Devil, who they say first learnt to turn himself into an Angel of light by it: Some are of opinion, that *Ovid* stole some of his *Metamorphosis* from it, and do confidently affirm, that the Armed Men that sprung from the Serpents teeth, which *Cadmus* had sowed, were *Levellers*; 'tis impossible to tell all that it hath done in so remote ages of the World: But to come nearer our times, in the year 1619. the

*Boke*

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*Bobemians* raised Arms, made a Godly Covenant, the same in substance with the *Scotish*, by Men of the same humour with our *Presbyterians*; had the same ends to take away the Bishops Lands; but what was the consequence of that War? The zealous party were utterly undone and confounded that began that War with the Emperour, to take away the Bishops Lands, which they accounted the Flesh and Bones of the Whore of *Babylon*. What think you of the *Holy League* in *France*, as they called it, wherein the *Guisian* Faction was supported by the Pope, King of *Spain*, and Duke of *Savoy*? Pray who were the chief Agents in that Rebellion, but the Priests and Jesuits, who then managed the *Spanish* Interest, because that King was then the eldest Son of the Church? What was the design of it but the Alteration of the Government of *France*, the destruction of the Royal Family, and the enlarging the Popes Authority? What were the effects of this holy War but unnatural and cruel Murthers and Slaughters, irreconcilable Hatreds, the ruine and desolation

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lation of that most flourishing Kingdom? How mad and sottish was their Zeal, when in their holy fortitude they destroyed those very Altars for which they fought? And what was the final consequence, but the Murther of their natural Prince by the hands of *Jaques Clement*, and the slavery of the People? nay, after *Henry the Fourth* had quieted *France*; and thought by Kindness and Compliance to have gained his Enemies, as well as he had secured his Friends, how did they requite him by the hands of *Ravilliac*? Now for this *Solemn League and Covenant*, 'tis the very Brat of that Holy League; 'tis as like the Daddy as ever it can look; it has the same pretty cloven Foot, and the same pretty little *Roman Nose*; for what difference was there betwixt the 16 Tribunes, and Council of 40 in *Paris*, under the *League* and D. of *Mayenn*, and *Oliver's* little Parliament? Had it not the same design? The same Agents? the effects of it will not soon be forgotten: Did not we lose as great and good a Prince as ever *France* had? I am sure  
the

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the People of *England* had so lost their Liberty and Property under those *Masfionello's* they had set up, that it was great mercy and clemency that they recovered it under their lawfull Prince. Now what ingratitude? What a spirit of Jesuitism is there in those people, who go about to ruine him, as they did his Father of blessed Memory? Did not the late troubles begin with base and scandalous Libels? Were not the people filled with unreasonable fears and jealousies? Were they not enraged with furious Phrensies, and an undistinguishing mad Zeal, wherein, like Mad-men, they destroyed their best Friends, and truest Benefactors? and went about to avoid Popery, as Melancholy Men do hanging, by strangling themselves for fear of it. The Lord *Digby*, in a Speech in Parliament against Petitions of the Rabble against Bishops, tells the House, *That instead of a Bishop in every Diocese, they would have a Pope in every Parish*, I am sure they either had a Jesuit, or one of his appointing. The *Scots* accused the King of *Popery*, and at the

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very same time called in the *French* by a Letter to that King, for which *London* was imprisoned. Now may not any Man in the World (cries the *Capuchin*) think that the Doctrine of this Godly Covenant (holding it up) is purely Popish and Jesuitical? it has the perfect Mein and air of the *French*, and if I be not mistaken, 'tis the very hand-writing of Cardinal *Richlieu*, (a Man that will turn the Kingdom of Darknes into a Commonwealth, if the Jesuits do but assist him.) Do not you think that the people of *England* have a great deal of reason to admire *French Commodities*? Are not they mightily beholding to them for revealing a Charm of that power, and of those good qualities by virtue of its purity? Is it not a strange thing that Episcopall Men, *alias* Malignants, should despise this poor little *in nomine Domini*, which hath done so many Miracles, that if I should tell you all of them, you would conclude that the Horshoe is no more to compare to it, then *Tom Thumb* is to the *Great Mogul*? This had to doe with a bigger thing than the *Lady of Loretto's Chapel*, for it turned  
*St. Paul's*



St. Paul's Church into a Stable (as the Jesuits afterwards turned it into Ashes) a Horseshoe does but keep Witches out, but this found them out, and hanged whole Conventicles of them together: On the other hand 'twas a good Preservative against hanging and Sequestration; If a Man did but take it Fasting and Praying, he presently found himself in a good fat Benefice, or some other profitable Employment; and immediately after, all his hair came off, his head was as round as a Globe, which you know is an Hieroglyphick of Sovereignty; it could raise Armies and Taxes; sometimes for diversion it cured four or 5000 Men of all diseases in one day; once upon a brave warm evening it did a pretty trick. What was that, said I? What, quoth he, it turned a Quaker and a Mare into a Centaure; it's impossible for me to relate all its Exploits; but do not you imagine that it smells of Brimstone? No, said I, but it has a kind of Haut-Goust, with being kept too long. But why do you fantasie that it stinks of Brimstone? Why, said he, because it will split a Six-pence, that is, it

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divides the Effigies on the one side from the Arms on the other. I do not understand your meaning, Father, said I. No, saith he, Do not you know that it distinguisheth betwixt the Authority and the Person of the Prince? Ay, Sir, said I, but can any Man imagine, that half a Sixpence is a Sixpence? No, quoth the *Capuch.* What is it then, said I, a Threepence? No, said he, 'tis nothing but a dead piece of Silver, and so if the Authority could be separate from the Prince, then he is but as another Man; but this Authority is derived immediately from God, and all the World cannot put them asunder which God have joined together; and if he that Clip, Split, or Deface the King's Coin (which is the emblem of his Power and Goodness) is guilty of Treason, surely he that by such false and dangerous Positions endeavoursto deface the sacred character of Majesty, is a Traytour, and so are all they who took this *Covenant*, and do not from the bottom of their hearts renounce it.

Well, well, Father, said I, all good Men are abundantly satisfied with the truth

of

of what you say, concerning this Position; but to me it does not onely seem very dangerous, but very ridiculous; is it possible that so many Men should be gull'd by such a piece of Equivocal nonsense, to venture Lives and Fortunes, Soul and Body and all? that Men to avoid Popery should shelter themselves under the very first Principle of Jesuitism? but pray let us have no more of it. Yes, replies the *Capuchin*, I will onely tell you the reason why it prevail'd so much upon the Rabble of *England* in 2 or 3 more of its Pranks; it taught the Beggar to ride the great Horse; it put Tinkers and Coblers into the chief Offices and Dignities, and turned the whole Kingdom topsie turvie; and they say, the *Juncto* resolved once upon an Order, that Women should go on their heads; These are the Feats this little *French* Relict has plaid: All the Wine in *France* could not do so much; for that will onely make Men Drunk, but this made them Mad, and was very binding about the *Rump*.

The *Capuchin* and I were so busie in discourse, that we did not regard three  
or

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or four modish Fellows dancing and curvetting about us, as if the heat of the ground had taught them their Honors, as *Banks* did his Mare ; untill one of them interrupted us by desiring to look on the *Covenant*, which the *Capuchin* held in his hand : As soon as he had it, he turned to his Companions ; and, look ye here, cries he , this is *A-la-mode de France* ; 'tis mightily *Embarasse*, cries a second. Are not these *English* Men, Father, said I ? I had no sooner askt the question, but he that had the Scroll in his hand, threw it down, and in the greatest Passion imaginable, *English*, cries he ! I hate the very name, I had rather have a *French* Disease than *English* Health. Then lifting up his eyes, Henceforward the Fates and I are eternal foes for destining my birth in so unmannerly a Climate : Why was not I a *F. Dog*, rather than an *English* Man ? who (continues he ) talks of nothing but old fashioned Honour, Virtue, and Renown ; the *French* alone are the gay and gentile People of the Age, and to whom alone the World is so much indebted for that great Charter of liberty granted the Senses.

Senses. I am so angry with my Country, cries a second, that I spent my *English* Estate in *France*, and was resolved not to enjoy any thing in *England*, but what I could get by force: For my part, cry'd the third, there is nothing so much troubles me as their Laws, which were they put in execution, there would be no living for Men of our quality among them.

At this I askt the *Capuchin* what they were, who told me, that they were *Highwaymen*, *Hectors* and *Ranters*.

These are a sort of People, whom the Jesuits, by their excellent Morals, have made as fit for their purposes, as the other were by their furious and precipitated Zeal; whilst they are in the height of their Debaucheries they are utterly disabled from doing any publick good or service; for the little stratagems of Wenching and Drinking are more considerable with them than all real Worth and Generosity; and they think a *French* Shrug, or a modish Oath the very perfection of Humane Nature: Now when they have consumed their Estates, and a disgracefull want forces them to retirement,



retirement and consideration; a deep discontent succeeds their Intemperance, and base resolutions of living upon the spoils of other Mens Goods are the consequence of embezzling their own: If things be peaceable and quiet, then they disturb none but those that travell the Road; but if there happen to be any publick discontents or divisions in the Kingdom, then without either consideration of Religion, or Loyalty, they will be very ready to improve them according as they shall suppose them conducing to their private ends; but we have had examples enough of this nature. Pray let us hear what this Man has a mind to say.

With that I observed a person applying himself to me, and after respects done; You seem to be offended, Sir, said he, with what these three ingenious Gentlemen have spoken; but could you lay aside your natural Prejudice, or had you their Education, you would be of their mind.

I know that all Men have a pleasing Veneration for the place of their Birth, and think well of their own Country,  
be

be it never so wild and barren; and of their native Customs and Manners, be they never so rude and insipid; and the Familiarity of those who first knew us, and were acquainted with our Innocency, is excusable; there are those, who when they have nothing to be proud of, will be proud upon the publick account; and there are Men in the World that think *Edenburgh* as good a City as *London*, and those that think *London* as good as *Paris*, the experiment has been tried upon *Indians*, who could never be complimented out of their Barbarism by the best usages of a civiliz'd place, but have returned with an eager joy to their primitive nastiness.

Sir, said I, I perceive what you aim at, and do most humbly thank you in the name of my Country, for the obliging similitude; I suppose that you design about the next Full of the Moon, that the *English* should be Cannibals; you may have read the Character a pitifull *French* Pedant gave the World of us some few years ago, in return of an affront done by some foolish Boys; and  
this

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this is no new trick of the Jesuits and R. Priests, they reproached us in *Constantinople*, in King *James's* time, untill the *Turks* were ready to knock them on the head for their pains, being convinc'd that they were a pack of defaming Rascals; they have had the impudence and vanity to *Burlesque* our most solemn and publick transactions of State, as if the People of *England* should go into *Flanders* to learn to speak *English*; I am sure they will never speak well of us, or give us that Character, which is due to any National Virtue or Excellency. In the year 1594. one *Bozius Engubinus*, a Priest, wrote a Book against *Machiavel*, Intituled, *De Robore Bellico*, and dedicated it to *Clement the Eighth*, wherein he reckons up and magnifies famous Exploits of Christian Princes; but not a word of the *English*. I suppose he had forgot the business of 88. or perhaps he thought it an Heretical Trick. The Jesuits occasioned the late Wars in *England*, and were instrumental in the greatest villanies of them, and yet one of them, in a Book Intituled, *Flosculi Historici*, concludes with the Mur-  
ther

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ther of the King. I question whether he did so much detest the Fact, as glory to tell it to our shame.

Ye may thank your selves, Sir, reply'd he, ye were a brave and generous People, before your revolt from the Church of *Rome*, but since that ye degenerate from the ancient Spirit and Gallantry of your Progenitours.

In what, pray Sir, said I? I believe there has been as great Examples, I say as many, and more examples of Valour and Learning since the days of *Henry the Eighth*, as there was in all the time between his Reign and *William the Conquerour's*, and that the Jesuits know very well; and although they possess their Profelytes with an opinion of their singular Learning and Parts, above all Orders of Men, yet the Church of *England* is able to match them in any good Knowledge; and our two Universities have train'd up as great Scholars as all their Seminaries put together. Therefore since they cannot baffle us openly, they go about to ruine us secretly, by propagating Enthusiastical Opinions,  
fitted

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fitted to the natural Pride and Ignorance of the common people.

I had a great deal more to say upon this Subject; but the Man broke out into so violent a Passion, that if he had not spoken, his Nose would have bled, and therefore looking very sternly upon me, I tell you, Sir, said he, the *English* are grown very Barbarous and Savage, and since the Reformation are dwindled into Baboons, and were the truth known, are born with Tails, and cannot see untill they are nine days old: They were a gallant People when they were the Children of *Rome*; but now the *French* are onely *A-la-Mode* in Religion and Manners, and to them seem as Gods that dropt from Heaven, and rebound on the Earth ever since.

I made bold to think that this Man was either a Jesuit or a Devil, that could so suddenly alter the shape of his Discourse, and from a wheedling Harangue fall immediately into a scurrilous Invective: Nor was I much mistaken; for the *Capuchin* seeing my bristles rise, and mouth open, and abundance of anger just at my Tongues end, was resolved to  
set



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set me on more fiercely, by telling me, that he was Commissioned by the Jesuits to propagate the Gospel of *Ignatius* his 24 *Evangelists*, which contains excellent Systems of Robbing, Plundering, and Cutting throats after the newest Fashion; the most accomplisht methods of Rebellion and Sedition, grounded upon Principles of *Atheism* and *Libertinism*, which joined to superstitious fears and jealousies, occasioned all those late Troubles that turned the greatest part of *England* into a Wilderness, and too many of the Inhabitants into Owls and Dragons; for there is none so fit to be a Captain to Rebels, as he that has been a Thief; and none more ready to alter the Government and Customs of his Countrey, than he that too fondly admires those of other Nations. Thus they endeavour to render the People of *England* odious and contemptible to all the World, and to make them out of love with themselves, they report there is nothing left among them, since the Reformation, but what belonged to the *Picts* and *Druids*; that they are Changlings and Fairies, and do nothing but nip R.C. all

G

night

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night long; and therefore 'tis they look upon them with less esteem than the *Spaniards* did upon the *Cannibals*, whom they destroyed with Guns; and the *English* escaped pretty narrowly from their Gunpowder: And is it not a strange thing, that after the defeat of so many Strategems they should go about to take them, as we do Monkeys, by laying *French* Habits and Manners to wear.

Pray, Father, said I, I know no just Reason that the Jesuits have to be such restless Enemies to the *English*, unless it be that they are lately out of love with Martyrdom. Must we be damn'd by *Bell, Book and Flambeaux*, and all and every one of us ram'd into a Gun, because we do not date our houses *Stilo Novo*? as if an *Almanack* could not be true unless it has directions from the Corns on Pope Gregory's Infallible Toe? Must we be utterly abolished for a pack of Heretical Clowns, because we don't make legs to old Clouts?

No, no, reply'd the *Capuchin*, 'tis not for any thing of this nature; 'tis because ye do not tread Gentilely, but ye walk so slovenly over Abby Lands; and they  
wou'd

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would shew you how to move more neatly, if you would be pleased to let them dance an Ecclesiastical Jig called a *Procession*. Truly, Father, said I, to the *Capuchin*, I always thought that the differences between the People of *England* and the Church of *Rome*, had been grounded upon material Points of Doctrine; I little thought there could be such irreconcilable Feuds upon such trivial accounts as you just now mentioned; I thought the rooting out a Pestilent Heresie had been the great business; or the Conversion of us from damnable Errours (as they account them) had been the main end of their Zeal and Industry; and yet methinks they go about by indirect means infinitely different from those methods that were used in the first Ages of Christianity; wherein we meet with no such Casuists as the Angelical Order of Jesuits afford; we find no Learned Apologies for the newest Fashions; they never Preach'd down Idolatry, or any other prevailing sin, by Preaching up Libertinism and Immorality: Poor ignorant old-fashioned Souls, they did not know

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the modish distinction betwixt *Cæsar* and his Authority: they never had the heart to encourage Men to Robbery and Sedition, as Captain *Ignatius* his Disciples have, who seem rather of the Society of *Barabbas*, than of *Jesus*; as for the Primitive Christians, they had not half the Policy the Jesuits have, nor had they the Compendious way of Conversion; What a World of Christians did Jesuits make in a short time in the *Western Indies*, among the most savage *Americans*? whose Bloud they mingled with the Waters of *Baptism*, contrary to the opinion of the *Dominicans*; that [the Inhabitants should be reduced by Preaching, and without violence] but the Jesuits find this latter a quicker way, for they think there is no such Argument as Gunpowder, and no such Preaching as with Ammunition, and although it be not according to the old way, yet 'tis the more modish, and infallible way; and used by the Infallible and holy *Pope Sixe Cinq*; (in the days of *Q. Elizabeth*) who thought that Religion might be propagated by a kind of *Back Gammon*, as Military Discipline is by *Chefs*.

The

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The *Capuchin* and I had talkt away the Jesuit and his Companions, and were all alone at the foot of a hill like that of *Vesuvius* in the Kingdom of *Naples*; our feet were parched with the hot scalding Sands, and therefore we made haste to the top of it, which gave us a prospect of most of the Regions of *Purgatory*; we could see at a distance, and in dusky Vallies, some Cities built like those in *Africa*; so that every house seemed a Prison, and a place of Penance: Then Sandy and black Defarts, and Wildernesses over-run with Scorpions, and Serpents: beyond them a mighty Ocean of *Salt Peter*, which roared and belched continual Flames, as if Thunder and Lightning had been turned topsie-turvy; on the other hand lay a deep and profound Valley, like a Sea of Darkness, which was bounded with exceeding high Mountains, vomiting Flames of different colours, which gave no certain Light. The whole *Horizon* was perpetually moistned with a Burning pricking Dew, as if the Firmament had sweat with heat. I presently concluded that it is a great deal worse to be



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sent to this place, than to be transported to the *Barbadoes*; and yet I was resolved to pass over it, if possible; with that I began to descend the Hill, but the *Capuchin* stopt me, and told me, that my haste had like to have hindred me of the sight of some things very remarkable. See you not, says he, yonder stately *Cupola* on your left hand? 'tis the abode of those who neither perfectly merited Heaven, or deserved the Torments of *Purgatory*; and there they must stay for a short time, untill they are better provided for by the Pope, for they were Martyrs of State, more than of Religion; and although the one is as considerable in the *Roman Church* as the other, yet those persons were deprived of the Honour allotted them, both because they did not succeed in the execution of their designs for the interests of *Rome*, whose Motto is, *Prosperum seculus virtus vocatur*.

Therefore, as some Popes have lost the Honour of Infallibility, by being often surprized in their Judgments; so those are not the perfectest Saints, because they unfortunately, or indiscreetly

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ly managed those Works of Supererogation.

We were now just entering a Gate-house, which had on the top a great many Skulls, fixed upon high Poles, and at some distance I observed a great number of people about a Corps which had been quarter'd, and was sticht together again; some wept over it, others dipt their Handkerchiefs in the Bloud that issued from it, and all devoutly attended it to a stately Building just before us; as I came nearer I thought I heard a *Requiem* sung, as it were by dying Echoes, and the Bells rang out a melancholy *Gloria*; I thought too that we had entered the *Pantheon* in *Rome*, for all round about there stood a great many Persons in such fixt Postures with burning Tapers in their hands, that they lookt like *Statua's*; whilst I was gazing about me, there opened as it were a Scene at some distance, and discovered *Ignatius Loyola* in a Chair of Estate. He was attended with several eminent Cardinals, but amongst them none more busie than Cardinal *Gudiccion* the Jesuits first Patron; at the back of the Chair stood three or four Popes with their Triple

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Crowns pull'd over their eyes, and very much out of humour, for the encroachments the Jesuits daily make upon their Successours, by reason of those extraordinary Privileges they had granted them. I did not as yet certainly understand what was to be done in this place, and therefore I askt the *Capuchin*, who bid me have a little patience, and I should presently know; and withall askt me if I knew whose Pictures those were that were hung upon the Pillars; with that I looked more wishly upon them, and told him, that I thought they were the Resemblances of *Guido Faux*, *Campion*, *Garnet*, and of some others. They are so, said he, and although they were Rebels and Traitours in *England*, yet the change of air made them Saints instantly, and they were Canonized in this place for what they were Hanged, Drawn and Quartered in another, and you shall see the same trick done immediately. He had no sooner done speaking, but the Corps, I spoke of before, being laid on a stately Altar in the Centre of the *Rotonda*, *St. Ignatius*, the Popes and Cardinals attending, arose up, and after a Consort of loud Musick, like that which

was

was used at the adoration of *Nebuchadnezzar's* Image, they unanimously cry'd out all, *Hail St. Coleman Junior*: After this Sentence his Body became all Relicts, and about his head the badge of Saintship began to dawn; and he had the honour to be first Canoniz'd, for it was much to their satisfaction that he died a Martyr: but I did not know the reason why he was styled *St. Coleman Jun.* untill the *Capuchin* told me that there was another of that name at *Melk* in *Austria*.

After he was dispatched, there was a Scroll delivered into the hands of *Ignatius Loyola*, which they said contained the Merits of Father *Pickering*. I could not get a sight of them; but you may easily guess at them in a frosty morning. The Assembly was long debating his Case: but the result of all was, that he had rendred himself incapable of Saintship by his silly Bargain; for, said they, if instead of 30000 Masses, he had agreed for 30000 Crowns, he had been as good a Saint as ever pist, but the want of so many Masses suppose him a Sinner; and he supposeth himself imperfect, untill they are said in his behalf. Upon which  
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inquiry was made how many had been said ; and when it could not be proved that the one half had been said, the Father was put into such a Consternation, that in despair he protested he had better have taken the *Scots* 30000 pounds, or rather than fail, *Judas* his 30 Pence , and so away he sneakt.

Nor had Counsellour *Langhorn* any better success, for after his case was opened, and a Jury of Saints impanel'd ; the Verdict was, That his dying a Martyr had utterly disinabled him from being a Saint ; and that if he had so well pleaded his Case as to have saved his life, and the credit of the Good Old Cause, his Merits would then have made him worthy of the most Splendid Canonization that ever the Church of *Rome* saw, and a day of Jubilee had been instituted for his sake. But now his *Mittimus* was made, and he thrown o'er the Bar to make room for Three of the Popes Bum-bailifs, *Green, Hill* and *Bury* ; at the sight of them the whole Assembly was stupified with so sudden grief, that there was a Profound silence for a time, untill the Eloquent  
*Santarillo*



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*Santarillo* arose from his Seat, and in the name of his Order, gave them thanks for their zeal, which was very agreeable to his Doctrine, but not so prudent and successfull as He could wish; with that He lifted up his hands, and his Eyes stood Cock't like triggers to his tongue, which at last flew out with these violent, and pathological Expressions.

“ Oh ye Stars! and Destinies!  
“ ye Fates! and thou great Goddess  
“ Fortune, whom *Rome* and all our  
“ World adore! by what strange mis-  
“ carriages do we dispose thee to be so  
“ uncertain, and unkind to us? To us,  
“ whom thou hast Raised to the highest  
“ Mountains of Hopes, and given the  
“ Prospect of Three most glorious King-  
“ doms? To us, who have fallen down  
“ to thee to our Ruine, and worship-  
“ ped thee to our destruction? Is our  
“ and thy power limited with the  
“ bounds of those unfortunate Islands,  
“ which by how much the nearer they  
“ seem, are by so much the farther off?  
“ We seem in reality to have possess’d  
“ them, but to have lost them in a dream.  
“ Were

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" Were we secure beyond all fears one-  
 " ly to be defeated beyond all hopes ?  
 " Or hast thou shewn the uttermost of  
 " thy favour and displeasure in one  
 " moment, and perverted the Order of  
 " thy unkindness in us ; who fell Dia-  
 " metrically from the Zenith of Happi-  
 " ness and Enjoyment to the Nadir of  
 " misery and loss ? Doth the same Pro-  
 " phecy reach our , and the *Turkish*  
 " Empire ( whose outmost Extent is  
 " foretold, to be the *German Ocean* )  
 " Our Empire ( I say ) which by our  
 " Religion, and Traffick, we have extend-  
 " ed, to both the *Indies*, and bounded  
 " with both the *Poles* ? Or is that other  
 " World Guarded by a more mighty  
 " Power than thine, which onely per-  
 " mits our designs to be ripe for our de-  
 " struction ? Which confuted our In-  
 " fallible Armada in the very Haven,  
 " and dissolved into tunefull Squibs, and  
 " Harmonious Crackers, those mighty  
 " Magazins of destruction, which were  
 " sufficient and ready to annihilate Three  
 " Kingdoms at one Blow , and make  
 " them more another Chaos than ano-  
 " ther World.

" Which

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“ Which have confounded , and  
“ brought to nought our last prepara-  
“ tions and contrivances , the *Compen-*  
“ *dium* of all our former Projects in  
“ which we have made our most pow-  
“ erfull Attempts, by Engaging all our  
“ Interests in Earth, Heaven and Hell.

The Audience observing that this Rhetorician had not half vented himself, and being desirous of plainer Terms, the whole discovery of the Plot was Related, ( as we have it by publick Authority ) *Nemine Contradicente* (for the Jesuits, like Devils, believe what they would not have the World know) but when mention was made of Sir *Edmund-Bury-Godfry*'s being carried off on Horse-back , of his being discovered by a Dark Lanthorn, and of the mis-carriage of the Consecrated Gun: *Ignatius Loyola* Himself Beckoned to the Audience, who were attentive to hear him ; and since his Disciples the Jesuits have wrote so many Panegyricks to his Honour and Renown, and do magnifie him as the greatest Example of Piety and Learning ; I here give you  
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an instance of both in his Speech which was to this effect.

*My most Beloved.*

Concerning Horsemanship I can say but little, being in the days of my Humility but a poor Foot Souldier; but my Speech at present shall consist of two things, to wit, of Guns, and Dark-lanthorns.

“Truely as for Dark-lanthorns, they  
 “do most properly belong to deeds of  
 “darkness, ever since the People, that  
 “came along with *Judas*, had them,  
 “and therefore it was a great mistake  
 “in these Gentlemen, to make use of  
 “one; they might have taken example  
 “from *Guido Faux*, who had better  
 “have taken *Will in the Wispe* for his  
 “Guide, for that betrayed him; and to  
 “prevent the like inconveniency for  
 “the future, I do ordain that all my  
 “Disciples for ever after wear a little  
 “Wild-fire in their Pockets (I mean  
 “some composition fit to take fire)  
 “with a small Tinderbox, For what is  
 “there

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“there that does greater things than  
“Fire? for as Pope *Urban the Fifth*  
“said of the *Agnus Dei* which he sent  
“the Emperour, ( A little will doe as  
“much good as all of it. ) Therefore  
“having this in one pocket, and your  
“Knives well whetted in another, ac-  
“cording to those orders I have given  
“you, I think they will be safe enough;  
“for as for Guns, there is no need that  
“ye carry them about you, for those  
“are silly weapons, that cannot doe half  
“so much good as Gun powder alone  
“does; for that will kill many Thou-  
“sands at one Blow: nay, on the other  
“hand, these Guns doe mischief e-  
“ver since the *Wild Arabs* and *Indi-*  
“*ans* got them, for we cannot come at  
“them to Blow them up, and there-  
“fore they are upon even terms with  
“us; nay, moreover, since those *Arabs*  
“got them, they endanger the Pilgrims  
“going to *Jerusalem*, and the Caravan  
“to *Mecha*, so that they do much hin-  
“der all Religion, nor do they pro-  
“mote ours; for if the Hereticks care  
“not for our Cannons, What will they  
“care for our Guns? of what stand-  
“ing



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“ing they are I cannot well tell, but the  
 “word *Bombard* denotes them to be  
 “very ancient ; for *Bombard* comes  
 “from *Lombard*, and that from *Longo-*  
 “*bard*, and that is, ye know, old Time.

As soon as this learned Speech was ended, the *Capuchin* and I hasten'd out as fast as we could (for the new Saints began to smell for all their Canonization) and so did others with us : for just as we were got into a back Court, a poor *Mendicant Fryar*, who leaned on my shoulders ( and whom I afterwards understood to be a *Jansenist* ) cry'd, What a Blunderbuz is this *Ignoramus Loyola* ? I expected that He would have derived *Salt-Peter* from Saint *Peter*. 'Twas his fortune to be over-heard by a Jesuit, who frowning on him, after half a douzen well season'd names of Rogue, Rascal, Vagrant, &c. How dare you ( quoth He ) affront the Founder of our most glorious Society ? Do not you understand our Interests, and Quality in the World ? Are not we the main Pillars of the Church ? and what are you , but a  
 com-

company of Ecclesiastical Tatterdemalions, and Scarecrows of the Spiritual Harvest, and the very forlorn hope of the Church *Mendicant*.

He spoke this so passionately, that one of his own Order took particular notice of him, and therefore pulling him by the Arm; Good Sir (said He) be a little more moderate; for, What have we got by this way of Buffoonry, but to be justly wounded by our own Poison'd Weapons, wherewith we have unjustly wounded the reputations of others (who in good earnest are better Saints than any that were made to day?) How ill does it become us to scoff, and deride the Poverty of this good *Jansenist* (I say) that Poverty, whereof we have made so solemn a Vow? Can we hinder the World from taking a just and particular account of that Man's Life and Actions, of whom we have told so many prodigious, silly and Blasphemous Lies? What have we got by our *East India* Miracles, but the repute of vain Impostours? Do you think that the World will not take especial notice of us, who intermeddle with all

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the concerns of it? Do you think that we may always Libel great and eminent Princes as our Education, or Natural disposition leads us, without the imputation of Villains, who onely deserve a Satyr? or Assassins them without being accounted Traytours, who justly deserve an Halter? No, no, Sir, these things will not doe, unless we can alter the very Essence of Truth, or deprive those you call *Hereticks*, of the advantages of Learning; all our morose Sanctity will prove in the end to be but Cruelty and Hypocrisie: as it was in those Imps of ours the *Fanatical Rebels of England*: and whilst we endeavour to establish our particular Greatness, we shall ruine the Glory of the Church.

This was the honestest Jesuit that ever I heard speak; and therefore I was resolved to remember a Face that had so good a Tongue to it; but how strangely was I surprized to meet with my old friend the Gentleman, whom we lost at our first entrance into the Jesuits College? (and who was so cruelly vext for the Cheat they had put upon him, in perswading him to be buried in their Habit)

Habit) I perceived he was resolved to be even with them, for as soon as he saw me ; Come, Sir, said he, (taking me by the hand ) you and I, and that honest *Capuchin*, will keep closer together for the future ; and if you will follow me, ( I think I cannot go amiss, for the Jesuits are every where concerned ) we shall meet with diversion enough. We went with him to a Back-gate, where stood a Guard to keep out a number of Men, who were very desirous to get in ; as soon as we came up to them, I was amazed to find *Milton* at the head of a Company in short Cloaks, short hair, and with white Caps turn'd up under black ones : but before I could take particular notice of any one Man, I was diverted by *Milton*, whom I observed to be very earnest with a Provincial of the Jesuits ( who stood there to give Orders ) and because he was a Man of singular Eloquence , I took a great deal of pains to hear what he said, which was to this effect : " May it please your Reverence " to consider how I am injured, who " am denied the honour which is so easily granted to Men vastly beneath my

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" Merits

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“ Merits, and Deserts; for what can any  
 “ Man doe for the promotion of your In-  
 “ terests that I have not done? Did not  
 “ I constantly attend your Consults, and  
 “ observe your Orders? Did not I pro-  
 “ mote the late Rebellion in *England*  
 “ by all the Artifices imaginable; by si-  
 “ ding with the Malecontents and Sedi-  
 “ tious Rabble, who wanted a Man of  
 “ my Parts and Learning to Gild their  
 “ Treasons, with pompous pretences of  
 “ Justice, and Reformation; and to urge  
 “ them to greater Excesses? Did not I  
 “ bestow the best Flowers of Rhetorick  
 “ for Garlands, to adorn the heads of  
 “ victorious Traytours, and Triumphant  
 “ Usurpers? and gave them a Coun-  
 “ terfeit Majesty with the Robes of Elo-  
 “ quence? Were not the people gull’d  
 “ to part with their Religion and Pro-  
 “ perty to those to whom I had given  
 “ the glorious Titles of *Preservers of the*  
 “ *Commonwealth, and Redeemers of their*  
 “ *Liberty*? Have not I shaken the Crowns  
 “ of Princes in that unparallel’d Book  
 “ of mine against *Salmasius*? Have any  
 “ of you Thundred against Monarchy  
 “ at that rate? No, not any of you;  
 not



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“not *Baronius* himself, who called it an  
“*Adulterine Name*, and *A Tower of Ba-*  
“*bel* ; Well then, Do not I deserve ?

He would have gone on, but that the Jesuit interrupted him, by telling him, That if he did still really wish the wellfare of their Order, he would not desire such unreasonable Honours ; for, (continues he) suppose we should Canonize *Ravilliac* (a Man mightily deserving) would not the World think us poor Politicians, that should thus hazard the displeasure of the *French Crown*, whose friendship is our chief interest ? and should we thus publicly declare to the World, that you and your Companions were very instrumental to the carrying on our designs, under the Notion of Commonwealthsmen, Nonconformists, &c. our old Game would be at an end ; Have you not heard what ill success the way of Petitioning hath lately had ? therefore we must desire you to rest your self contented for a while ; and if ever the universal order of things come to our disposal, you shall not be forgotten ; for we design to New-Model the  
H 3 World,

World, and to change the whole Frame of Government in our Universal *Fifth Monarchy*; and then shall a different Character be put upon the transactions of these times, and what is now Vice, shall then be Virtue; the whole Body of Religion shall be transformed, and Heaven it self shall have a new Hypothesis.

But, Sir, quoth he, What is it those Gentlemen pretend to that are behind you? (pointing to *Knox, Buchanan, Goodman*) I confess they have followed our Examples and Principles; have been injurious to some Princes, and have troubled the Peace of some States; but upon what account you may know from *Marshal, Burges*, and some others their Reverend Successors, a Pack of Rascals so endued with Knavery, that any one of them would ruine a Monarchy for a good fat Sequestration; and some of them would hang a whole Parish for the Benefice; they are no friends to any Governments, or Communities, any longer than they are encouraged with the best Preferments in them; nor are they Enemies to any but upon the account  
of

of their own private Interests ; this is so true, that these very Men, after they had bawled at Monarchy so long, that by help of the Rabble they had brought all things into confusion, and by that means had got their hands full of Sacrilegious Penniworths of Church and Crown Lands, they were very zealous to restore that Government in *Oliver*, which they had destroyed in the ruine of King *Charles* ; and the Committee declared, that the Person, not the Name, was displeasing ; and for the better security of what they had gain'd, and for the prevention of those disorders, by which they had undone the Loyal Party ; they who so long Canted upon the Privilege and Birthright of every *Englishman*, enacted, that none should have Votes in Elections, but those who were worth 200 Pounds : and therefore we will not trust them any more than they will one another ; and if they be not contented with the Reward they receive in this place, for maintaining our Principles, and for being instrumental to our designs, we will send them back again to *Scotland*.

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At this they all retreated very quietly; in the rear of them appeared *Hugh Peters*, whom, when the Jesuit saw, he crossed himself three or four times, and turning to us, There goes a Fellow, cries he, that has so far outdone the Devil, that he hath been often about renouncing his old Name, ( *Nick* ) for that of ( *Hugh* ) Oh! cries the *Capuchin*, that is an Encroachment upon the Popes Privilege (to change his name.) No, Sir, reply'd the Jesuit, he fears his friend *Nick Locryer* may take it ill.

As soon as they were gone, I askt the *Capuchin* if he knew whither they went; or what was their Reward; who told me, that we were now very near *Puritania*, and that there I should be satisfied; in the mean time let us take a little diversion, for, cries he, that is a place of Business.

Although I was very desirous to see what became of those venerable Elders, yet because the *Capuchin* had promised that I should meet with them in their proper places, I was forced to follow him through a nasty stinking Lane (like that of *Whetstones Park*) which led to an

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an old ruin'd Gate-house; o'er the *Portal*, was, in Letters of *Azure* (*Orate pro Corporibus nostris.*) As soon as we were come up, the *Capuchin*, turning to the Gentleman in disguise, You, Sir, (said he) must in this Habit procure us entrance into this place, which is the Region of Women: with whom the Jesuits are the most prevailing Men in the World; for besides the great Privileges they procure them in this place by allotting them easie Penances, and pleasing pains, consisting onely in the melancholy Remembrances of past Joys, which according to the Doctrine of their sublimated *Alcoran*, shall last no longer than their Contemporary Lovers are fitted to go with them to Heaven: Pray, who ever laid such irresistible Obligations upon the succeeding Sex? For whilst poor Phlegmatick Northern Hereticks can extend their Uncatholick Fancies no farther than an *Indian* Gem, or sometimes in the Dog-days make bold with a Star to express their Perfections: They soar above the brightest excellency of Cherubims, and Seraphims, as you may reade in that excellent *Jes. Mor.*  
*Canto*, a Reverend Father sent

his



his incomparable *Delphina* (and which before 'tis ten years older will be *ad usum Sarum*. ) But besides their accomplished skill and knowledge of what will please them, they are not ignorant of any one thing that may terrifie or affright them : and this is very advantageous to them ; for 'tis incredible what they gain from Superstitious, Hypochondriacal Widows of the *Roman* perswasion. ^ And besides, this natural disposition in Women is very convenient to the carrying on any Fears or Jealousies they foment in those States where they intend a disturbance ; and therefore when they expatiate themselves so freely in Commendation of the Eyes, Noses and Lips of Women, they are very unkind and ungratefull to forget the Milt.

The Gentleman was all this while knocking at the Gate, which at last was opened by one who lookt like the Trull of a *Mamaluck*. What have we here, cry'd I, one of the Furies? No, no, quoth the *Capuchin*, 'tis Pope *Paulus Venetus*, which used to Paint himself, and desired to seem a Woman ; he has onely changed places with Pope *Joan*, who is  
gone

gone among the Men; but you may observe, that he has the Modesty of a Woman; for he is ashamed to be seen: And indeed it was not long before he was out of sight, so that I was forced to divert myself with other objects. The Place seemed a mighty large Park, enclosed with an exceeding high Wall, in which there was such Variety, that it might be the Compendium of the whole World: Here was all sorts of Climates, all Degrees of Heat and Cold fitted to the different Ages, and Conditions of Women, among whom, none were so unkindly used, to my thinking, as a number of pretty well-complexioned Lasses, who stood up to their Chins in Snow, and the Tears that flow'd from their Eyes dropt down in Icicles: I askt the reason of this extraordinary severity, and the answer was, that they were thus punished for loving *Hereticks*. I afterwards askt if there was no punishment for the Concubines of Priests, Cardinals, and Popes; but I was told, to my abundant satisfaction, that they were of Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction, that they had a Plenary Indulgence by reason of their

Function, and many other Privileges, as being Spiritual Feme-Covert, and that being thus Ecclesiastically Humbled, they ought not to be Profan'd or Corrected by any outward Violence or Secular Authority. I was now got into a Sandy open Place, which was as immoderately hot, as the other was excessively cold, and yet for all that there was a great many Dutch Women set upon Stoves, untill they were so smoakt, that a *Jew* would not touch them for fear of *Westphalia Hams*. I left this place (which was somewhat too hot for me) for one much more delightfull, wherein were several rows of Trees set in Quincuncial order, which made very pleasant and shady Walks, and refresht with Crystallin Fountains; but in one thing it was extraordinary, and cut out all the Gardens in the World; for instead of Singing Birds, the Boughs were loaden with whole Flocks of *Cupids*, who sung a thousand times better than *Syrens*, or *Eunuchs*, and made the Air as pleasing to the Ear, as it was with the richest Perfumes to the Nostrils. This is (cries the *Capuchin*) the most dolefull place of all

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all *Purgatory*; and yonder poor Solitary Lady is tormented beyond any thing you can expect; *Cupid* and *Death* both together shot their Arrows; and her very imagination is wounded with the indelible *Idea* of her best Beloved; for whose Body she hath prayed more earnestly, than ever he did for her Soul: see how suddenly she is upon her knees, invoking his Tutelar Angel and Name-fake Saint, to be kind to him; who is not like the Ancient Amoretto's engaged with Green Dragons, and Giants; but destroying Hereticks, Men, Women and Children: or in the more dangerous exploits of Smoaking and Drinking.

I was very desirous to view her exactly (because they say that People in Love are very devout) but she vanisht in a gloomy Arbour, and left us to pursue our Journey, who were now come into a spacious open place, in the midst of which there stood a *May-pole*, and about it more Women than a Man can see in all the times he lives in the World; and yet I think that there was more Languages than Nations: Such twittle-twattle, that I thought every one of them

them had a worm in her Tongue, and was just going to run mad. There were 5 or 600 old Women got under a Hedge, and telling such direfull Stories of Hereticks and Hobgoblins, that they almost affrighted one another out of their Wits, and 'twas well they had no hair upon their heads, for if they had had any, it would have stood up, and for ought I know, three or four more such Lies would have metamorphos'd them into Trees. I thought there had been a Carnival in another place, for all the Women were in Masquerade; there were the *Bona Roba's* of Spain, the *Courtezans's* of Italy, the *Madammoisells* of France, the *Jilts*, *Punks*, *Holy Sisters*, and the *Et-cætera's* of England. I began to be weary of such impertinent Company, and therefore I hastned as fast as I could; but by the way I was obliged to take notice of a long building like an Hospital; What place is this, said I to the *Capuchin*? 'Tis the Repository of those venerable old Sawds, replies he, who have mightily improved his Holiness's Customs, and for their pains have several Immunities

in



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in this place. I had no time to visit it, being directed by the *Capuchin*, who bid me follow him. We were now come to the foot of a steep and craggy Rock, on the top of which stood, as I thought, an old *Saxon* Castle. Father, said I, it will be very troublesome for us to climb this place. No, said he, here is good company will recompence your pains; these young Ladies by the way of Penance are obliged to go as far as it is troublesome; at this I turn'd me, and lookt, and 'twas just as he had said; for there were a number of strait Lasses in white Vails, and barefoot, who for some misdemeanour, best known to themselves, and their Confessours, willingly underwent this severe Discipline: we were now almost at the top, when as one of them sat down and began to rub her feet with the Palm of her hand, and looking up, as if at her devotion, made me imagine that they had a peculiar Predominant Saint for every part of the Body, as the Man in the *Almanack* has a Constellation or Sign in the *Zodiac*; and therefore I drew nearer her to hear what Saint belonged to the Foot; but she

she was at the old Exorcism of *Out Nettle in Dock*. I would willingly have heard a little more, but that I was afraid I should have lost the company of the *Capuchin*, and of the other Gentleman, who made such haste forward, that they were got to the entrance of that place I took for a Castle, which within was a very handsome and spacious Cloyster, in which as I walkt I kept a distance from several Iron Grates, wherein I fear'd there might be some Ravenous Beasts. As soon as the *Capuchin* perceiv'd it, You are, cry'd he, more afraid than hurt, go nearer, they are the tamest Creatures in the World, and indeed they were none of the fiercest; for instead of a *Tyger*, or *Lion*, there sate one of the most beautifull *Nymphs* that ever I had seen; I began to take Courage, for a *Stoick* would have turned *Champion* himself to have relieved so comely a Virgin from such undecent restraint; and therefore coming close to the Grate, Pray, Madam, said I, what is the Reason that you (whose looks discover such a World of Innocency) should thus, like a Malefactor, reserved  
for

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for extraordinary tortures) be securely confin'd? I hope, Sir, reply'd she, you will think my Innocency the Occasion of it, when you shall know that I have suffered this Imprisonment from my Childhood, than which there is no worse Purgatory in Nature, and I assure you that the next thing to Hell is a Nunnery; and therefore I wonder not at the Protestant Ladies, who are so Zealous against Popery, which lays such unkind Obligations upon us. But, Madam, said I, Why do you find fault with what you so solemnly made choice of? Indeed, Sir, reply'd she, my free Will was not then come of Age, and so would any Physician in the World say, who know as well as the Pope, for all his Infallibility, or my Father and Mother either. Pray, said I, let me see some Works, which, for all your Torments in this place, you have curiously wrought, to your great commendation. Because, Sir, says she, you are my Countryman, I will shew you the best I have: with that she fetcht a good Halter; Look you here, Sir, said she, this is most excellent Work, and very  
I strong.

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strong. I perceive, Madam, said I, that ye are very kind to your Confessours, for they sometimes in *England* wear them for your sakes.

A Bell that rung gave us notice, that we should hasten out of this place: just at our going out we heard these words in a sweet tunable Voice,

*For what greater Plague can on Women  
be laid,  
Than to live a young Virgin, and dye an  
old Maid?*

This young Lady, whoever she is, cries the Gentleman, has been in the Cage a great while, for she sings well: She would sing a great deal better (reply'd the *Capuchin*) if she were out. But, pray Sir, said he to me, do not stay behind, for if my Lady Abbess catch you alone, she has cruel long Nails, and will scratch your eyes out. This made me keep as close to him as I could, who now led us into a little Grove encompassed with a very high Wall; but it was so shady, and withall the light we had so like Cloudy Moonshine,

shine, that we could but just perceive a Jesuit carelessly walking, and doing 50 Antick Postures. Lord, Sir, said I, this poor Man has certainly been scratched, and is now Meditating Revenge. Oh! Sir, Reply'd he, you are mistaken, he is busied about other things; He is Ordered by his Superiours to Preach to the discontented Schismatics of *England*, and my Memory fails me, if he be not a *Yorkshire*-Man; I am sure one very like him, whom I have seen at *Sevil* in *Spain*, was oftentimes transported by a rigid Independent, who Traded to *Malaga*, and knew as certainly that he was a Jesuit, as that he was a Man, and at that very time when that Sect was Predominant, and were for Whipping the Whore of *Babylon* till she Pist Bloud; and therefore I rather think that he is learning to Cant: But if we retire into this Arbour, we shall overhear him, for he cometh this way. It fell out as I could have wished, for at another Arbour over against us, he stopt, and laying his hand on his Breast.



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'Tis true, cries he, she is an Heretick, but I love her, I adore her, and what signifies a little Heresie among such a World of Perfections? 'Tis but the black Patch of the Soul, and like shadows set out the Sun, which has its Blemishes too: But what is Heresie? or, What is her Heresie? Is she a *Quaker*, *Muggletonian*, *Adamite*, *Ranter*, *Fifth-Monarchist*, or of the *Family of Love*? why then she is an Heretick of our own making, and I know the worst of her: Is she an *Independent*? why then she differs from the other, just as the Elder Sister does from the Younger; but suppose she be a *Presbyterian*, What then? Oh! heart, do not break, prithee, stay a little; why! if Dominion be founded in Grace, she will certainly obey me, and besides, we are both of a temper; For, Does she love Kings Lands, Bishops Lands, Malignants Lands, Houses, Tenements, Hereditaments? so do I with all my heart. Does she hate Princes, Governours, and old fashion'd Authority? So do I with all my Spleen: Doe she love sower looks, and a speaking Nose? then she will love me; but  
love

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love is not my chief business; I have a Revenge to gratifie, the great concerns of Destruction are committed to my charge: And how shall I save her from the common Ruine (from which none of those Fools we make use of shall escape, we will no more own them to be Papists, than they will own themselves now?) Well, since I must Preach to them, I had as good learn now. We are the true *Israelites*, and they the *Canaanites*, and therefore since we must possess the Land and destroy the Inhabitants, and I must save her, I'll make her an Harlot.

*To Her a Man of God I'll be,  
And She a Holy Sister unto me.*

At these words he stept into an Arbour, and I turning to the Gentleman in the Jesuits Habit; Sir, said I, good Sir, if you have any thing else to put on, lay aside this Garb, for certainly they that wear it, are the greatest Villains in the World, and yet how like them (now I think of it) are our Separatists? for they are for taking Possession

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session, for destroying the Inhabitant<sup>s</sup> Root and Branch, and in order to it they make use of false expositions of Scripture, for *Rahab* was not an Harlot in his Sense: and therefore I am ready to believe, that most of their Teachers in the late Times, were Jesuits in Disguise.

I had no sooner done speaking, but out he came: Instead of long Robes he had on a short *Geneva-Cloak*, a Starcht Band, and his Ears (which were made to stretch like his Conscience, in Cases of Perjury) began to sprout above the Border of a Black and White Cap. I perceived that he could not forbear Laughing at his ridiculous Disguise, and little thinking that any body was so near him, he spake as followeth.

*As Jove of Old in Council of the Gods  
Put on grave looks, Divine and Solemn  
Nods,*

*Austerely manag'd in the grand Debate  
The great concern of Universal Fate;  
But when retiring he was pleas'd to  
breathe*

*In wanton Revels o'er the World beneath,  
In*

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*In various Shapes and uncouth Forms he  
came*

*To hide and pleasure his unglorious  
Flame:*

*And though he Masquerading left the Skie,  
And Hoofs and Horns conceal'd his Deity;  
Still he regarded the Supreme Design,  
His Shape was Beastly, but his Power Di-  
vine.*

*Destructive Thunder did his Hymen sing,  
And Earthquakes danc't  
And Tempests roar'd, and Hurricanes did  
ring.*

*So I, who from the great Cabal of Rome,  
Whence Empires now receive their final  
Doom,*

*To th' other World of Hereticks remove,  
To taste the pleasures of forbidden Love.  
My Politicians frowns and jealous Eyes  
Which from black thoughts of deep Destru-  
ction rise,*

*Do change for this more tame, more inno-  
cent disguise.*

*My Power, my Craft, my Malice is the  
same,*

*Though silly looks conceal my dreadfull Name.  
At once I'll pleasure my Revenge and Love;  
I hate like Jupiter, I love like Jove.*

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*But greater Plagues more Popular Ills  
shall show  
Themselves from me,  
Since Cupid's Arrows flew from Nola's  
Bow.*

So away he went, as if he doubled his Obedience to his Order and his Love, and which made him the most blind is not yet determin'd. As soon as he was gone, I began to consider, that this Humour in a Jesuit, was very different from what he is enjoyn'd by the Rules of his Order; which are, That no Women should come into their Houses; That they should not take the Charge of Nuns; (for they may have the same Fortune the *Cordeliers* lately had in *France*;) and besides, they are obliged by a Vow of perpetual Chastity. But the *Capuchin* told me, That they might well enough differ from their Rules, which contradict one another; and, besides, the several Immunities they have procured since their first Institution. Their great Goddess *Francisca Romana* (whose Bed, where she lay with her Husband, was a perpetual

tual Martyrdom, and Shop of Miracles) sufficiently sanctifies all their Irregularities which are in order to their common Interest.

We followed him with all the expedition imaginable, but we could not overtake him, which made me despair of seeing more of him, untill the *Capuchin* told us, that he would lead us a nearer way to the place where his chief business lay, and indeed it was not long before I heard a noise like the Roaring of the Sea, and coming nearer, we saw a small Vessel ready to Transport all Passengers. Father, said I, though the Pope may lay Claim to the *Mare Mortuum*, or the *Lemane Lake*, yet I thought these Seas had not been under his Jurisdiction. Oh! replies the *Capuchin*, Do not you know that he pretends to be the Universal Monarch of the whole Globe, and to manifest to the World, That he is the great *Leviathan*: "There have appeared several *Monk-Fishes*, *Frier-Fishes*, *Nun-Fishes*, &c. I have heard indeed, reply'd I, that there is not a Beast on Earth, but hath some Fish that resembles it in the Seas; but pray what Fish



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Fish will represent a Jesuit? Truly, says he, I do not know that *Gesner* has ever a Monster fit for that purpose; but to my thinking a Herring is the most like him; for, *First*, They go in such Shoals, that the Whale is afraid to come too near them. *Secondly*, They frequent the Coasts of *England*; and, *Thirdly*, They are never good till they are Pickled, Hang'd and Dried: But let me go on with my former Discourse, in which I endeavour to acquaint you with the Pope's Neptuneship, which consists in his Jurisdiction over all Minerals of Brimstone, Salt-Peter, &c. for he alone does Rule and Govern Salt by the Power of Exorcisms, and can turn it either into Fire or Water, as he please (as the Poets report of *Proteus*) and therefore 'tis a Folly for Kings or Princes to pretend any Right to it, when he will not suffer the Sun or Moon to have any thing to doe with it; and that *Philosopher*, that shall ever hereafter affirm, That the Sun is any way the cause of its Saltness, shall be as sure of an *Anathema*, as he that held the *Antipodes*: For let a Man observe, and an ordi-

ordinary Man will soon perceive the reason why it is fresher in the *Frigid Zones*, than 'tis in the *Temperate*, when as there are so many Thousands of Monks and Jesuits in the latter, to one in the former: So great a Jurisdiction does he claim o'er all Waters, that he will Rig out a Fleet the next Jubilee to Cruise in the Waters above the Firmament, wherein he thinks some Hereticks may Rove; but as for these particular Narrow Seas he pretends a Right to them ever since they were the Purgatory to the *Invincible Armada*, to which he was Godfather, and which because it did not fight valiantly against *England*, *Scotland* and *Ireland*, the Winds and Seas dasht in pieces, and swallow'd up, and Fought for Hereticks.

He would have gone on with his Discourse, but that we were ordered to Land; being now come ashore, we climbed up a steep Hill, the top of which entertained us with a Prospect, which moved me the most to Compassion of any thing that ever I had seen in all my days. We saw great and rich

rich Corn-fields and Plantations utterly trodden down, as if the *Hunns* and *Vandals* had lately Visited them, whilst the miserable Inhabitants Cursed and Ban'd those for whom they had lately prayed. Then at a distance we could see great and Populous Towns and Cities in flames, the enraged Souldiers fighting through Bloud, Fire and Smoak at once, to gratifie their Covetousness and Revenge, whilst those few that escaped them carried away nothing but Wounds and heavy hearts: Then on the other hand lay slaughtered Legions, and groaning Armies, which dissolved into Carkasses in a Moment, and enricht the Soil with their Bloud and Marrow, which needed no such Improvements. Not far off were a numerous Rabble Triumphant and Insulting over grave and Reverend Personages, whom, after various affronts and Indignities, they basely Murthered; here Widows stupied and silent with Grief, there Orphans drowned in Tears; now we might see Men committing unspeakable Villanies, Rapes and Murthers, and anon sighing and groaning at

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a Zealous Lecture, where their Blasphemous Nonsense was as intolerable as the Noise of their Guns was fatal. Bless me! cry'd I, What place is this? surely the very farthest place of all Purgatory, and the very next to Hell it self. This is, replies the *Capuchin*, the *Peopledom* of *Puritania*, or to be short, it was the State of *Great Britain* in the late Civil Wars, which were begun and carried on by the Jesuits: Now because they did not work to that end they design'd them, and that in several Occurrences ( which a wise Man may easily observe ) they had carried on their business a great way ( which for a time was utterly quash'd in the Restoration ) yet when they perceived the old Leaven still remain, and the old Humour still to be workt upon, they thought it convenient to begin again, well knowing, that for all the Noise against Popery, and the losses that many private Catholics sustain'd, yet they were still the Gainers, by those too numerous Proselytes they won in our Confusions, and that the Church of *England*, the onely great and main Bulwark against the  
Church

Church of *Rome*, is weakned by them. Father, said I, I observe that the main Arguments the Jesuits and Romish Priests used to perswade Men to embrace the Romish Faith (after they had ruined the Government of the Church of *England*) were, That there was no visible Church among us, &c. The other consisted in inveighing against us, under the Name and Notion of *Protestantism*, into which they had cram'd all the Enthusiasms of *Europe*, and Heresies of the last Age; and thus they thought they had utterly baffled the Church of *England* with the new-fashion'd Sophism of *Comprehension*. New-fashion'd one! cries the *Capuchin*, 'tis an Old-fashion'd one, for in the year 1583, there was a Book Printed at *Paris*, Written by *Raynolds* a Student at *Rhemes*, against *Whitaker*, wherein he goes the same way to work, but he has one Argument which is now utterly Abrogated. What is that, pray Father, said I? Why replies he, observe in his Conclusion, Pag. 556. He does not onely Charge the Protestants that they have infinite variety

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variety and differences of Religions, disorder'd Congregations, Sheep controlling their Pastours, and Scholars presuming to teach their Masters, but, says he, in the Civil Common-wealth, disobedience against the Magistrate, Contempt of Princely Authority, Spoil and Ruine of Churches and Palaces, of all things Sacred and Prophane. I Remember, Sir, said I, that I have read the *Preface* to that *Book*, in which he complains that 'tis very hard for them to know what to refell or dispute against, because of the continual Change and variety among us; but he is pleased to quote Dr. *Whitegift*, affirming it of the *Puritans*, and so it cannot properly be objected against the Church of *England*, which, since its Establishment, is as little Guilty of Innovation, as of Rebellion. But the Church of *Rome*, cries the *Capuchin*, is Guilty of both, for it Teacheth and Preacheth, that Rebellion which it Condemned in the *Protestants*, in the *Lutherans* of *Germany*, the *Hussits* of *Bohemia*, and the *Calvinists* in *France*, and of which it falsely accused the Church of *England*.  
Now,



Now, cries he, suppose there was a general Conventicle of all the inspired Bigots and Enthusiasts in *Europe*, and suppose them to meet after they had Dieted on nothing but *Coleworts* for six Weeks, yet would they not vent so many wild Phantasms and disagreeing Phrensies, as the Consistory of *Rome* has different Projects; no, the Devil himself has not so many shapes in his Wardrobe of Darkness; for if you go along with me, ten thousand to one but I shew you some of them put in practice.

I willingly followed him, because he led us towards a place which was not altogether so dismal, yet there was a hideous noise, and espying a great multitude in the Fields, near a Town, I thought they were imitating the Siege of *Jericho*, untill coming somewhat nearer, I perceived they had almost finished the 151 *Psalms*, which begins.

*From Turk and Pope defend us Lord.*

As soon as we came up to the Skirts of the Congregation, they had done singing

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singing, and the Preacher had begun his Prayer, of which we could not distinguish one Syllable, and yet the Company about us was very Devout, onely one Man seemed more at leisure to Answer the *Capuchin*, who asked him, How long they had been singing, and whereabout they began? Sir, said he, I have turned it down, if you please to see. With that the *Capuchin* read softly,

*To Bind their Stately Kings in Chains,  
Their Lords with Iron Bands.*

The *Capuchin* smil'd on me, but observing that Mr. *Predicant* had ended his Prayer, and had now begun his Sermon, we resolved to hear some of it, though we ventured a Piece of the outward Man. The Throng was very great, and the *Geneva-Bibles* very numerous, and they too began to swell and take up room with Proofs and Dogs-ears: nevertheless we got so near, that, to my great amazement, the Speaker proved the very same person we had lately seen in the Jesuits Habit, and, who Transforming himself like *Jove*,  
K spoke

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spoke so like an Heroick Lover, and was going to Propagate his Gallantry. His Style was as different from the former as his Garb, and although I could not learn his Text, which probably might be taken out of *Wits Common-Wealth*, yet that part of his discourse which I heard was to this effect.

“ Ye are the Lords People, my Beloved, his secret ones ; ye, I say, are his chosen Vessels in the days when the tall Cedars were humbled, and the Meek of the Earth pulled down the Mighty ; how did poor Conscience rejoyce when it was set at Liberty ? Yea verily it was waggish it did so exult : In those days the Power (a Cordial thing for Conscience) my Beloved, was emptied into several Vessels, and those Vessels were the best that would hold the most : Ye were poor weak Vessels, but being empty, would hold a great deal : Oh ! what a joyfull striving was there to fill the empty Vessels ? I say, when the Power was spilt on the ground, how pleasant was it for the Babes of

“ Grace

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“ Grace to scramble, as it were, for it  
“ after a Godly sort: For to you, to  
“ you, my Beloved, belong all these  
“ outward things; to you, the Lord’s  
“ Saints, belong his Creatures, to you  
“ belong the Gold, the Silver, the Brass,  
“ the Pewter, the Copper, the Lead,  
“ the Wood, the Stone, the---the Hemp,  
“ and every precious thing; and ye en-  
“ joyed all those things in the days of  
“ *Zion*, but now these are the days of  
“ *Babylon*: for now Popery, accursed  
“ Babylonish Outlandishness does a-  
“ bound, and therefore these good things  
“ are in the hands of the Wicked, and  
“ are employed in Building high Places,  
“ Monuments, and Idols. Beloved,  
“ Wood and Stone and Lead were not  
“ Ordained to make Idols, but for the  
“ good of Mankind, to make Bullets  
“ and Castles. And yet, O Lord! these  
“ wicked Image-mongers and Idol-  
“ Wrights say that we are Popish, Be-  
“ loved. What do you think the Lord  
“ will say when he hears of these things?  
“ Oh! therefore Plead his Cause, your  
“ own Cause, the good Old Cause;  
“ Shew yourselves not to be Popish,

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“ in destroying every Popish thing, in  
 “ plucking it up, in pulling it down,  
 “ up and down, my Beloved, the Lord  
 “ will not onely like your Zeal, but the  
 “ Pope himself, after his Conversion,  
 “ will thank you for it, yea ye will  
 “ thank your selves for it. And there-  
 “ fore let the Youth, the young Youth  
 “ pull down Bawdy-Houses, those Sub-  
 “ urbs of *Babylon* the Harlot; Let Por-  
 “ ters, holy Porters, Men used to great  
 “ Burthens, help to carry on the Lord’s  
 “ work. For my part I have laboured  
 “ both openly and in private, as is well  
 “ known to the Saimis, for a Reformati-  
 “ on: I have withstood the Beast face  
 “ to face; I have Confounded his Lan-  
 “ guage, a Language, my Beloved, that  
 “ will blister all true *Protestants* tongues,  
 “ and rot their Teeth: now there is a  
 “ great deal of this Language in the *Com-*  
 “ *mon-Prayer-Book*, for Episcopal Men  
 “ say it in *Latin*, onely they cast a Mist  
 “ before your Eyes that can behold no-  
 “ thing that is Popish. Oh! my Belo-  
 “ ved, have a care of that Book, for  
 “ if you lay it under your Pillow, you  
 “ will certainly Dream of the Pope; if  
 “ you

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“ you set it next your Bibles, it will  
“ certainly run away with them, or at  
“ least fetch all the Clasp off. Beloved,  
“ the Bishops use it, and by a certain Spell  
“ in it, will turn themselves from Cole-  
“ black to Milk-white in a Moment.  
“ If this Idol and its Worshippers be not  
“ pulled down and destroyed, in vain  
“ do we Preach, in vain do ye Pray  
“ against Popery and Popelings, which  
“ are now coming upon us, as the *Phi-*  
“ *listins* were upon *Sampson*. Let us  
“ therefore break those Cords where-  
“ with our hands are tyed, for if we  
“ lie still till our heads are shaven by  
“ the Witchcraft of this *Dalilah*, then  
“ shall we be as other Men: Take  
“ therefore *Jeremiah's* advice, who  
“ was no Episcopal Man, Come, let  
“ us joyn our selves in a perpetual Co-  
“ venant, which shall never be forgot-  
“ ten.

As soon as he had spoke these words,  
there was a great Hurly-burly in the  
Crowd, and such a confused Noise, that  
he was forced to leave off. He lookt  
so pale on a sudden, and all the People



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about us were put into such a Consternation, that I wondred what was the matter, and looking round about me, I perceived the Company began to disperse themselves confusedly, some this way, some that; I thought the Conventicle might be disturbed by the care of the Magistrates, whose coming might cause such a Panick fear, and therefore turning to the *Capuchin*, Sir, said I, I believe we shall be put in *Limbo* for our Curiosity by and by; but I do not much care, if we can but have the Speakers Company. They do no more fear the coming of a Justice of the Peace, replied the *Capuchin*, than of a living *Crocodile*, something else is the Business. He had no sooner done speaking, but there was a great Cry, *Arm, Arm, Arm*, the *French*, the *Spaniard*, the *Anakims* are coming: some reported, that they heard great noises of Kettle-Drums, and Trumpets under Ground, which seem'd to confirm the News of the great Vault that was digging from *St. Omers* to *Colchester*: others Swore they dreamt it, and therefore were very sure that it was true. Some talkt of fly-  
ing

ing Armies, and invisible Dragoons; others were telling dire Portents, others reading old Revelations, and strange Prophecies of unusual Revolutions, which disposed them to dark thoughts, and melancholy Apprehensions; and after they were thus curiously prompted to run Mad, and had left their employments in a Tumultuous manner, there was a strange and sudden Rumour, That the great Scarlet Whore was coming with a mighty Army that had saucer Eyes and long Claws, which put them into such an horrible Fright, that they could no longer be kept in order by their wiser Governours, whom they were ready to destroy, because they would have quieted them, and that under the notion of favouring Popery. But when News was brought that these strange Monsters were at the Towns end, never did the Passion of fear act its part in such variety as among these People; Some were desperate and ready for a Sally; others considered that a Truce with Mammon upon necessity would be convenient, and therefore were disposing themselves in Order to

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it; and to that end one was making a Crucifix, others had got old Mass-Books, and others were learning *Ave Maria*, and the *Pater Noster*: But among the rest, I observed an Aged Zealot (who had groan'd fervently at the Conventicle) with a *Common-Prayer-Book* in her hands, which she hug'd and kist most Devoutly; but when one of her Acquaintance told her that she would find never the more Mercy upon the account of that Book, and that if she had never a *Mass-Book*, she had better take the *Directory*, she scornfully threw it against the Ground, saying, *Get thee gone thou Carnal Idol, I see the Saints must never put their Trust in thee.*

The *Capuchin* and I were resolved to know the true occasion of this disturbance, and therefore we hastened to get out of Town as fast as we could; but before we had gone a quarter of a Mile, we were stopt by a mighty Multitude, who had secured 14 or 15 poor *Gipsies*, and three or four *Germans* with *Rare-Shows*; they Insulted and Triumphed

umphed over them , and threatned them, some marching before , some behind , with Clubs and Glaves Erected, and sometimes out of perfect Proofs bid them stand in the King's Name, then for diversion bid them hasten forward untill they were brought before the Magistrate to be examined; who finding them to be what they were, dismiss them with what they deserved : but when the Rabble understood that they were onely poor Fortune-tellers, and not at all given to Superstition, they very zealously flockt about them to know what was predestin'd for them. The *German*s had not so quick a dispatch , for many a long time doubted what those little Images in their Boxes did mean, and were searching for the Mark of the Beast upon them, untill the fore-mention'd Preacher, who was purposely at hand, ( and under the notion of a Licence in *Dutch*, received a Letter of Intelligence from his Society ) told the People, That they were innocent poor Men, that those were onely *Dutch* works, and did represent *Protestant* Princes ; upon which they were Peaceably dismiss. Although

Although this Tumult and Uproar was well quieted, yet I perceived that these People were miserably Subject to unreasonable fears and jealousies, and were perpetually tormented with the Scare-Crows of their wild Imaginations, which made them not onely the most unhappy, but the most unpleasant People in the World, and I desired the *Capuchin* not to stay any longer in this place. He was as willing to be gone as my self, because he was willing to Communicate some things to me, but we could not find a conveniency of discoursing for fear of being overheard, untill we came into a Solitary place, a great distance from the Town. I then askt him what end the Jesuits had in rendring the very name of Popery thus odious to the Common People. So long, replied he, as they do conceal the nature of it from them, they will bring it in under another name, and that by overthrowing every thing that Diametrically opposes it under that Notion. But we see the Reasons of it in the effects it produces; for after that their intended  
Violence

Violence by Papists and Foreigners was prevented, and all their bloody Intrigues discovered ( the surprizing relation of which, put the whole Kingdom into a Consternation ) the several Divisions, which they had before fomented and prepossessed with a false and scandalous Opinion of the Church of *England's* Inclination to Arbitrary Government and Popery, lookt upon the Establishd Authority with jealous eyes, and by their separate Counsels and hasty and disproportionable Resolutions, rendred the Government incapable of taking that wise and orderly course with such base and cruel Traytours, as the known Laws of the Land Justifies; that thus, whilst two Neighbours foolishly contend, not onely the Thief, but the Murtherer too, might steal away.

Nor is this the onely After-Game they design'd, but moreover, by increasing unreasonable Fears and Jealousies, and by thus taking away the Succours of Reason of State, they might precipitate the whole Nation into those Absurdities, which, if not timely rectified, might end with what they design'd



ed to begin, the Bloud and Ruine of King and People (which God forbid.) And to that end they Magnified the Plot themselves, by undeserved and scandalous Aspersions and Reflexions upon great and Loyal Personages; and the Schismatics were made to believe, That all the Conformists in the Kingdom were inclinable to favour them too: Now this is no new trick; for Mr. *Pryn* that seized the Archbishop of *Canterbury's* Papers, and found the discovery of the Plot designed against the Kingdom of *England* by the Jesuits under Cardinal *Barbarino*, basely abused the Archbishop and King, as Privy themselves to that Plot (which they a while kept secret in order to a clearer Discovery) untill the King was forced to leave *London*, and oppose as formidable an Enemy; and though it was evident, that that *Scotish* Rebellion was raised by the Jesuits, in order to their designs, yet were those very Rebels afterwards kept up and maintained by the Parliament against the King. In vain can the Church expect to be free from that Calumny, which reacht so glorious

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glorious a King, the Defender of it, and such an excellent Prelate, a Father of it; to manifest whose Integrity and Innocency, nothing more could have been done under Heaven that they did not doe, being both Martyrs of it. But what is it that some Men will not believe? Just a little before the discovery of the Plot, I heard a Person of no mean Quality affirm, That there was no difference but in words insignificant, between the Church of *Rome* and of *England*; but I do assure you he had little Logick about him at that time, and less Divinity, and immediately after he forfeited all his History, in saying, That King *James* was inclined to Popery. What is it, I say, that disaffected, vain and Fanatical Men will not say or doe? Why may not any Man as well say, That the Church of *England* is Popish, as that the *Presbyterians* were no Rebels? Some would be ready to Swear it, if it were not for an unlucky hint in the *Lord Cooks Institutes*, Page 12, who, speaking of all kind of Treasons, saith, *Preparation by some Over-Act to Depose the King, or take him by force and strong hand,*

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hand, and to Imprison him untill he hath yielded to certain Demands, this is a sufficient Over-act to prove the Imagination and compassing the death of the King, this is to make the King a Subject, and to despoil him of his Kingly Office. The Presbyterians were notoriously guilty of this; they Imprisoned King Charles I. in several places, and at last in the Isle of Wight. Now what will the Presbyterians say to this? why, they will say, they were so affrighted with the thoughts of Popery, that they did not know what they did, although it was what the Pope himself would have them.

But pray, Father, said I, interrupting him, Do not they accuse us of Popery, for retaining some Ceremonies and decent Rites still in use in that Church?

Why, replied he, they are very necessary, convenient, &c. in the Body of Divinity, and therefore because the Pope has two Toes, I should cut off mine from the Body Natural. But pray let me go on with my Discourse; there is another thing that affrights them most  
horribly,

horribly, and that is, That the Church of *England* favours Arbitrary Government; Indeed, those that are such Enemies to Monarchy will object any thing against those who will maintain and defend it: and yet I am sure that a true Father or Son of the Church of *England* will be no more assistant in the introducing Tyranny and Oppression, than they have been in promoting Rebellion; for though he would be ever so Loyal as to give *Cæsar* his due, yet he will never give him that which is not, he is so like the Ancient Christians, that he will dye before he will resist his Lawfull Prince, or actively obey him in any thing that is as positively forbidden, as it is to Rebell against him, or to resist him upon any account. Therefore as the King of *England* would be the most mighty Prince in *Christendom*, were his Subjects all of the Church of *England*, so the People would be the most happy on Earth, since they should neither need to fear Tyranny or Popery, either at home or abroad: Nothing but our Divisions and Separations occasion these fears; and nothing occasion them but

but the Jesuits, the Devil, and the Spleen, and therefore let but any Man reade the History of the Kingdom of *England*, and he will find the vast difference between the Church of *Rome* and of *England* in the several troubles and Fatal Discords that either arose, or were promoted by Popish Deposings, Interdicts, and Excommunications, from the Conquest to the Reformation ; and the Times and Transactions since shew us how the *Presbyterians*, *Independents*, &c. (those great Anti-anti-Christians) differ from it too, for they count it lawfull to resist and oppose and compell Christian Princes, and in order to it make what they please unlawfull. Thus like the old *Pharisees*, they strain at a Gnat, and swallow a Camel.

Father, said I, they themselves are most like the Papists, and deal with this Doctrine as they do with the Decalogue, take away one Commandment, and subdivide the other into unnecessary distinctions.

They differ from them, replies the *Capuchin*, as the *Persians* do from the  
*Turks*,

*Turks*, are great Enemies, but both Mus-  
selmen. Thus do they endeavour by  
all means to ruine that Church by Vio-  
lence, whose great glory is, that it was  
reformed without it ; nor do they  
want fit Instruments to carry on their  
designs, even among those that profess  
themselves most their Enemies ; And  
those generally are such whose Fortunes  
are but mean, or who have not been  
Encouraged by the Church or State, as  
they think they deserve. It is remarka-  
ble, that the great Preachers and Promo-  
ters of the late Rebellion, were Coun-  
try School-Masters ; poor Vicars, and  
Curates, whose Parts were too mean  
and confused to appear in publick in a  
Peaceable and quiet Kingdom, and  
therefore took the Compendious way  
of Rising by Disorders and Confusions ;  
and many who were Persons of better  
note, upon the account of supposed In-  
juries, and Disappointments, fell off  
from their Duty and Allegiance ; but  
to all these are added now those Aged  
*Politico's*, Old Rebels, fat with Plunder  
and Sequestration, who hope, that the  
next Return of the Saints shall be so

L

lasting,



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lasting, that they shall not stand in need of a second Carnal *Act of Indemnity*. Now, said the *Capuchin*, smiling on me, since you have been so kind as to accompany me thus far, I will shew you how the Pope has disposed of their Reverend Cooperatours who are marched off; for beyond those smoaking Rocks which you see on your Left Hand, ( through which there is a dark and winding Passage lately found out ) stands a ruin'd Cathedral like that of *St. Paul's*, at the West-end of which lies the Effigies of King *Charles I.* fallen on the ground, and at the Entrance two Men in Armour, but the one is Cardinal *Barbarino*, the other Cardinal *Richlieu*, who will easily admit us upon a pretence I have ready made. I found all things according to the *Capuchin's* promise, but at our entrance into the place ( which was larger than the Synod-House at *Dort* ) I was amazed to see the whole Committee sitting intermixt with some of the Assembly of Divines. Father, said I, were these silly ill-lookt dirty Senatours chosen by the Shires and Corporations?

porations? No, replied he, they are the Knights and Burgesſes of the ſeveral Religious in *England, Scotland and Ireland, the Orcades and Hebrides.* Here is a World of them, Sir, ſaid I. There is, reply'd he, a whole Barn full more of them a little way off, and ſome of them are privately retired to *Bedlam.* But, Pray Sir, ſaid I, What does *Oliver Cromwell* repreſent? What Religion? For he ſits yonder behind them all, ſomewhat advanced upon a kind of a Throne. You ſhall ſee immediately, cries the *Capuchin.* He had no ſooner answered me, but there entred ſeven or eight Yellowiſh Olive-Coloured Men. I thought it had been an Embaſſie from the *Moors*, untill one of them, the moſt Ancient, ſtepping forwarder than the reſt, ſpoke as followeth.

We the diſperſed *Jews*, having for many Ages ſearched all the Corners of the World for our long expected *Meffias*, did think that we had at laſt found him in you, from ſeveral remarkable occurrences, wherein you ſeemed to fulfill our *Cabala*, in raiſing up this moſt

L 2 Renowned

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Renowned *Sanhedrim*, by the Advice and Assistance of those your *Rabbins*, who do not onely in words testifie their good-will to *Zion*, but also by the Circumcision of their Heads denote the same thing; under these you have overthrown the Kings of the Earth, and have terrified the *Gentiles of Rome*; and therefore when you had thus Auspiciously blown up the Trumpet in *Zion*, we came over to your Protection, who after we had presented you with many Talents of the Gold of the Land of *Havilah*, you neither refused us nor our Old-Testament Gold; but you neither fulfilled our Prophecies, nor your own Promise; for although you told us that the Church of *Paul* (by reason of the Idol-Worship of the Church of *England*) was somewhat too *Babylonish* for a Synagogue at the present, and that when the Lord's Horses had stood some longer time, it would be fitter for us, yet we are farther off now than ever, for now (in opposition to us) the *Gentiles of London* are Building their second Temple, far more glorious than the first.

As

As soon as he had made his Grievance they retired, and the *Capuchin* turning to me, In my Conscience, cries he, I believe these *Jews* will buy the Moon one of these days, when she is in the Wane, and at the cheapest, and these Saints have such a Right to the Creature, that they will sell them it, for 'tis not long since they were for purchasing *Harlem-meer*.

The *Jews* were no sooner gone, but there was a *Quaker* in their Room, who made his Speech without his Address, which was to this effect,

“ And to you, *Oh Friends!* is my  
“ Speech directed, to let you know the  
“ Evil of our days, for now we are in  
“ darkness by reason of oppressing Ordi-  
“ nances, which enjoin us to pull off our  
“ Hats, to pay Tithes, &c. the first is a  
“ Popish way of Worshipping one ano-  
“ ther; and therefore we have a sore  
“ desire and longing to be freed from  
“ these things; and although to hide  
“ our designs, we have Procured a good  
“ friend to vindicate us, yet none of  
L 3 “ the

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“the Lord’s people have been so zealous  
 “as we: For did not friend *Green* in  
 “the 12 Month in the year 1662. warn  
 “the Parliament to let Peoples Consci-  
 “ences alone? yea, with Threatnings  
 “of many Enemies he warned them;  
 “and whoever in the days of Battel be-  
 “haved themselves so like Mighty Men  
 “as we did? and would do again if we  
 “had a motion to it; But how little  
 “do we help Episcopal Men? for now  
 “we disclaim the shedding of Bloud up-  
 “on any account; by which means we  
 “are not at all serviceable to Kingly  
 “Government; to which we are greater  
 “Enemies, than if we were sworn Ene-  
 “mies; We do not give any assistance  
 “to any Publick Concern; and never  
 “use the Law but to Chastise those who  
 “defend it: We drink *Charles* his Health,  
 “and do not drink the King’s; a Con-  
 “veniency the Jesuits themselves bor-  
 “rowed of us, who at their deaths thus  
 “protested, they had no design to Kill  
 “the King, but would have Kill’d *Charles*.  
 “So that whereas some say, we are be-  
 “holding to the Jesuits, we say, They  
 “are beholding to us. Some base Ma-  
 “lignants

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“lignants paint us with Wind-mills on  
“our heads, and with Mares in our  
“hands, whom therefore we account  
“Idolatrous, and given to Pictures.

He would have gone on, but that a slender tall thing, like a Devil in a Hop-sack, came behind him, and almost affrighted him out of his Wits, three or four of the Committee Crossed themselves before they were aware; but I perceived it was onely a Man wrapt up in Blankets, from whose Mouth and Nose, the onely visible parts about him, came these words :

“Verily, Oh Reverend Sages! I appear before you in this Place, that ye  
“may see, and know the sad Condition  
“of the Saints at this day, who are so far  
“from a toleration, that they are bound  
“by Cardinal Ordinances even in the  
“Grave: I am in this Garb by reason  
“of an Act, commonly called, *The Flannel Act*, which forces us whose Bodies  
“dies are as tender as our Consciences,  
“to be Buried not in Flax, not in  
“Hemp, but in Wool. Ye all knew  
“how little the Saints love Sheeps-  
L 4 “cloathing,



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“cloathing, or the Babes of Grace de-  
 “light in Blankets ; but moreover this  
 “is a Pagan Ordinance, from three Pa-  
 “gan Spinsters, *Clotho, Lachesis* and *Atro-*  
 “*pos* ; nay, *Jason*, that old Heathen, was  
 “a Woolman. Nay, what is worse, ’tis  
 “Popish, for did not the Pope send a  
 “Token of Consecrated Blankets but  
 “the other day to the Empreſs of Po-  
 “pish *Germany* ? but this is not all the  
 “Popery that infeſts *England*, poor *Old*  
 “*England*, I wiſh it were *New England* ;  
 “but there are many other dangerous  
 “ſigns of it : for now even the People  
 “of the Land go a Whoring after Cuffs  
 “made of Popiſh Beads ; and in oppo-  
 “ſition to your Proteſtantiſhips, there is  
 “a *Juncto* of Carnal Philoſophers, cal-  
 “led the *Royal Society*, who would im-  
 “prove your Trades, that ye might not  
 “mind the things of Grace, and Domini-  
 “on. The very name of them is Po-  
 “piſh ; but that’s not all, for they doe  
 “Popiſh Miracles ; they have Brazen O-  
 “racles, Speaking-Trumpets fill’d with  
 “the Language of the Beaſt, wherewith  
 “they can ſay Maſs, which ſhall be heard  
 “an hundred Miles, and which noiſe is as  
 “fatal

“fatal to the Ears of Saints, as the sight  
“of Basilisks to their Eyes; to our Ears,  
“I say, which after that the Carnal Law  
“of the Land was abolished, did grow  
“and spread into Types of our Adop-  
“tion, and Symbols of our Covenant,  
“and unafinimity: but besides this, they  
“have Stills, and what do ye call-ums,  
“to make Holy Water, which indeed  
“are nothing else but the Whore of  
“*Babylons* Piss-pots. These are great  
“Grievances; but this one more afflicts  
“us than all the rest, that the Wicked,  
“after all, affirm us to be most of all  
“Popish. Indeed Popery is a Pesti-  
“lence, and we cannot help Infecti-  
“on; but Poor Conscience bid us ut-  
“terly deny it for her sake, who hath  
“done as good turns for our sakes;  
“and therefore we are as true to  
“her as to the Covenant, which  
“some of us maintain, by Renoun-  
“cing.

“We must confess, that the Jesuits  
“have been in our Assemblies; for we  
“cannot Reform oftner than they can  
“transform; which put the Saints into  
“such fears, that they Dream of no-  
“thing

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“thing but Monks and Nuns, and such  
 “horrible things all night; and look un-  
 “der their Beds, and in the Collars of  
 “their Doublets, for Priests and Jesuits,  
 “who, they say, can now certainly turn  
 “themselves into Night-mares, and He-  
 “cats, and suck out all their Protestant-  
 “Breath; these dreadfull things disturb  
 “our Peace, and there is no redress; for  
 “our Petitions have no end, and all our  
 “Holy Fibs are brought to nought: In  
 “a word, we are such miserable Saints,  
 “that we have not the happiness to be  
 “Militant: Ye your selves, most ho-  
 “nourable Sages, are not free from this  
 “imputation; for 'tis certain, that the  
 “Pope has been among you ever since  
 “your first Session.

This last Sentence put the whole  
 Committee into such a Consternation,  
 that they never had so much sense to so  
 few words in their lives, so that they  
 were all silent for a long time; untill  
*Goodman Speaker* arose, and with 16  
 Hums, and 15 Groans, adjourn'd them  
 for that time.

They hastned out with all speed ima-  
 ginable, fearing, as some suppose, that the  
 Pope

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Pope might lie under some Chair with  
his Pockets full of Gunpowder; and the  
*Capuchin* took me by the hand; and af-  
ter he had led me into a pleasant, shady  
place, free from noise and company,  
(where, whilst I was viewing the neigh-  
bouring Rocks, which were very like  
a great many I had seen before) he was  
transformed into the shape of an Aged  
Hermite, his Beard seem'd to grow like  
the famous Abbess of *Corduba's* Hair,  
and leaning on a Staff, he spake as fol-  
loweth.

*Wonder not at this sudden change you see,  
Wonder less at the Worlds Inconstancy;  
Wonder at nothing that an Age does bring;  
Since Charles a Martyr dy'd, because a King:  
At nothing Atheists, or bold Rebels say,  
Since Jesuits Preacht, and Presbyters did Pray:  
For since Religion it self is made  
A Masque to Villany, and common Trade;* }  
*Rebellion too Antiquity does Plead;  
The Aged Sun nothing more strange shall see,  
But all the self-same sad variety:  
For all the mischiefs that shall e'er arise,  
Are still old Evils, but in new disguise;  
Old Lusts, old Pride, old Fears and Jealousies,  
The restless Ghosts of old departed Heresies,  
Are the true Causes of all Plagues that come  
From Flesh and Bloud, from Hell, Geneva, Rome.*  
*Therefore,*

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*Therefore,  
Projects, Cabals, Intrigues shall never cease,  
This Kingdom never, never shall have Peace,  
Till Treason by its Reward is dreadfull Grown,  
And Vice by its just Punishment is known;  
Till Ignorant Bold Zeal is kept in awe,  
As 'twas of old by Thunder and the Law.*

As soon as he had said these words,  
he let fall a Scroll open from his hand,  
in which, as it were, with Letters of  
Bloud, was written, *Rome Reformed*, and  
betwixt a frown and a smile he Vanisht,  
and I Awakt, &c.

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*F I N I S.*

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